



THE STUDY 1971

THE STUDY

Westmount

Founded 1915. Incorporated 1922 by Act of the Quebec Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



Headmistress Mrs. Haldane Scott, B.A., M.A.T.
Vice-Principal Miss Charlotte Foster, B.A.

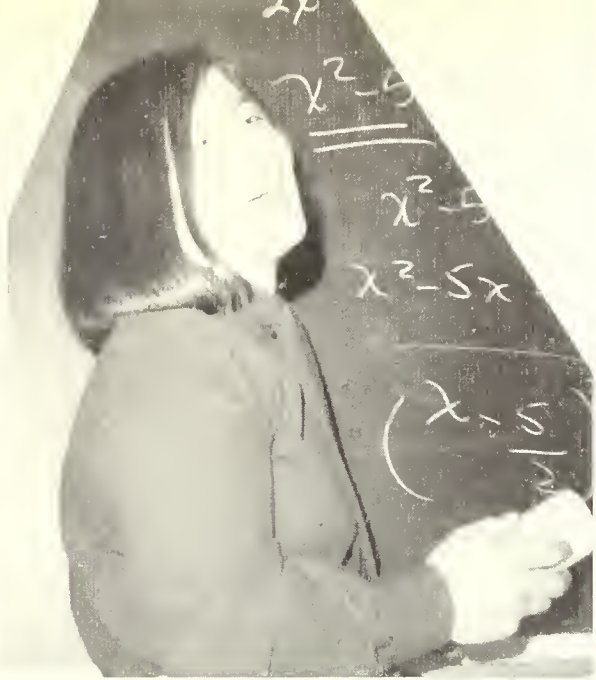
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Mr. R.G. Keefer
 Mr. W.D. Mulholland
 Mr. R.L. Munro
 Mrs. R.H. Stevenson







LEFT TO RIGHT: Cathy McKinnon, Patti Johnston, Diane Allison, Linda Sutherland, Monica Heller

THE PREFECT'S COUNCIL

Prefect's Council was a new idea at the school this year. On the council are the five school prefects from the sixth form and three times a year two representatives from the other classes are elected.

The Council was formed in the hope that it would provide more intra-school communication. At the weekly meetings members of the Council are given an opportunity to voice the complaints of their classes or any suggestion or ideas for school activities.

We hope that in the future the students will use the Council to their advantage, and that it will have a growing importance in the school.



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

LEFT TO RIGHT: Cathy McKinnon, Diane Cottingham, Sarah Tobias, Mary Minty, Anne Sutherland, Jill Ron-
sley, Linda Sutherland, Patsy Kirkpatrick, Debby Carter, Diana Wickham, Monica Heller, Jane Skelton, Daphne
MacKenzie, Janice Goodfellow, Jennifer Goddard, Jackie Burfoot. SEATED, FRONT: Judy Elder (Editor)

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Judith Elder

ART EDITORS: Sarah Tobias, Janice Goodfellow

LITERARY EDITORS: Jackie Burfoot, Cathy McKinnon

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORS: Debby Carter, Patsy Kirkpatrick

SPORTS EDITORS: Daphne MacKenzie, Mary Minty

GRADUATES: Linda Sutherland, Susan Johnson

LOWER SCHOOL: Jane Skelton, Diana Wickham

THE STAFF - 1970-71



BACK ROW: Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Willmott, Mrs. Thomson, Miss Tedeschi. FRONT ROW: Mme. Looten, Mrs. Gauthier, Mme. Kebedgy.



BACK ROW: Mrs. Lennard, Mrs. Wright, Mme. Charnoubi, Mrs. Packer, Mrs. Hale. FRONT ROW: Miss Foster, Mrs. Ronsley, Mme. Perera.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Miss Birks, Mrs. Finley, Mrs. Allan, Miss Wilson

STAFF NOTES

We were sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Bonelle at Christmas — but we welcome Miss Birks, a Study old girl, to take her place. We also welcome Mlle. Morin, who is working with Middle School Drama in French. The Study has had a special treat this year, in the person of Mr. Dyson, who has coped with being the only male member of staff. His great interest in audio-visual aids has helped when difficulties with a reluctant movie projector or a sticky movie screen have arisen. Also new to the staff are Mrs. Packer, Mrs. Gauthier, Mrs. Eastwood, Miss Wilson, and Mme. Charnoubi. We also welcome Mrs. Ronsley back to the staff.



EXAMINATION

Compare and contrast the following:-

- the Upper Schools frayed shirts that will not stay buttoned under tired tunics
- the cries "Change it whatever it is!" from the Middle School
- music class anguish over "learning the words"
- inevitable classroom mental drudgery
- smug satisfaction radiating from the line waiting to get Excellents signed
- smog-etched lines on fields of snow in front of the school
- open-eyed protestations of "But I wasn't running"
- the sunny warmth of "Hi, Mrs. Scott!" from little tads trudging up the hill
- incredible youthful innocence

- with the new whiter-than-white under trimly pressed infinitesimal wisps of navy blue on the newest fledglings.
- with the quiet wonder from the Sixth Form "Things are pretty good after all!"
- with clear-voiced, accent-perfect performance pride.
- with the occasional thrill of "I get it!"
- with the harried hopefulness of those with the message "I was late."
- with string-defined squares on green lawn where VI Formers counted weed populations.
- with secret thoughts of "I wonder if she really saw me."
- with surprised "Good mornings" from others, shy with growing up.
- with T.V. weary, fact-dulled boredom, both somehow aware of a need for wisdom and the promise of wonder.

THE STUDY - 1971.

Submitted to the Chronicle with thanks for 1970-71 and best wishes to all.

J.C. Scott.

GRADS

MCGILL

1935

TRENT

1935



CARLETON

1935

S
MIDDLEBURY
1935
H
B
F
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DIANE ALLISON

"The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom"

If Di is not found comforting some small Studyite or flying down the Boulevard, hair streaming, to catch the 3:30 bus, she will most likely be seated at her desk, surrounded by a captive audience, recounting her latest weird dream or adventure with Pierre Elliott! How Diane still manages to con us into believing her intriguing stories (i.e. her trip to Rio de Janeiro is still a mystery).

An extremely efficient head girl, Di has won the trust and friendship of us all, due to her gay, enthusiastic personality along with her patience and genuine concern for others. With time out (but of course) to extoll the glories of Paul Newman, Di's interests still cover all facets of school life and she manages to be an eloquent public speaker and a natural actress.

Her ability to hit the nail on the head during class has often left her classmates speechless — as have her stunning marks — in spite of her instant and contagious panic before an exam!

Next year Di will probably be found at college south of the border; otherwise look for her auditioning for a part in the latest Paul Newman movie.

CATHIE MCKINNON

As Cathie emerges from her Volvo curly toes first, one notices a striking resemblance to Robin Hood with her green cape and feathered cap.

Subhead of the school and head of Delta Beta, Cath has shown terrific organization and understanding. Her extra-curricular activities range from weekly tutoring at Royal Arthur to championing the cause of pets in her hilarious public speeches. Frankness and sarcastic wit combine to make her an excellent history critic. Her interests vary from the P.M.'s blue eyes, to sailing and excellent drama directing. Cathie's talents as a gourmet have made us nutty about her Finnish Nut Cake (pardon the pun) — as well as self-conscious about our waist lines. We all know Cathie will have fun and prove as great a success in England as she has with us. (Especially with the London bobbies!)





LINDA SUTHERLAND

Favourite expression – “Aw, c'mon guys”
“Energy and persistence conquer all things” – Franklin and
“There would be no great ones if there were no little ones”

Linda's bright and cheery smile, and friendly “hello” each morning, gives our class a happy lift. We never know what new hairstyle she will appear in. Will it be her wig, pocahontas pigtails, or something else?

Linda adds great enthusiasm and spirit to our gym classes, with her running, screaming, fighting, jumping, falling, of which all 5' of her never tires.

Our long brown eyelashed prefect has a favorite pastime in driving into cement walls.

Wherever she goes we wish her luck!

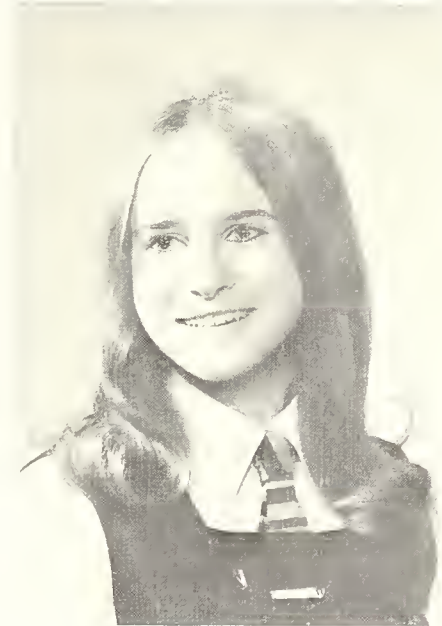
PATTI JOHNSTON

“I laughed 'till I cried”

Patti arrives bright and late, suffering from early ulcers, and brings us the latest Johnston gossip. She is renowned throughout the class for her maniacal laughter, her beet-red cheeks and her many telephone calls to Mrs. Eaves of Ski Jays. We were all infinitely relieved when Patti discovered that she had a teaching job. Most of Patti's time is spent trying to convince us that 1) she's fat and 2) she's not worried. (It's just my natural expression).

In spite of all this, Patti has managed to be an enthusiastic head of Mu Gamma and a capable Prefect. She rushes between drama practices, Federation meetings and Library committee. Somewhere in the middle of all this she finds time to achieve her usual high marks. Her enthusiasm (especially for skiing) covers all but Latin.

Wherever Patti goes next year (hopefully Carleton) she will no doubt be accompanied by her battered old oxfords to which she has become very much attached in the last three years.



MONICA HELLER

“A chief event of life is the day in which we have encountered a mind that startled us.” – R.W. Emerson

Whether it be rain or shine, Monica perpetually arrives at the crack of dawn, either for a drama practice or early library duty or just to keep up the motto that, “the early bird always catches the worm!”

As a prefect and enthusiastic member of the Federation, Monica can often be heard (a rare phenomenon) with her desperate cry for fifty dozen hot dogs for Study Centre.

Otherwise to the utter frustration of her classmates, Monica will be displaying her philosophic attitude towards life as she engages in one of her typical hushed conversations with every teacher.

As a steady achiever of brilliant marks and well-known for her subtle sense of humour, Monica has gained the respect of all, and we envy her unfailing self-control with only a skimpy bowl of soup for lunch.

We are sure Monica will have a fabulous time in England next year and we wish her luck! (As if she needs it!)



ALISON GALT

Favourite expression – “Anyway, it’s about the math!”

Ambition – Actress

Probable destination – Usherette in a St. Adele theatre

Alison, with her long blonde hair, bright face, and acting talent, reminds many of us of Candice Bergen. She is the sixth form ‘wit’. Any atmosphere of formality is quickly dispelled by her contagiously hearty chuckle and the latest jokes. But Ali is also knowledgeable in some fields, notably, in correcting teacher’s faulty grammar, and her excellent choice of words in our lunchtime mad libs – which she provides.

Kappa Rho’s house head is often driven to distraction by certain members of her house who seem to have forgotten about excellents, but concentrate on rules and detentions. She soon forgets her troubles, however, lost in her diverse dramatic roles. Ally adds considerably to the club, as she seems to get involved in almost every production.

When life becomes too much for her, Alison has been known to attempt suicide (maybe it’s living with Judy!) by jumping out of the window. Somehow she always finds the balcony in her way!

Ally plans to travel this summer and would like to attend Carleton next fall. We are sure that, no matter where she goes, our happy-go-lucky kid will be welcomed!

ROSALIE SABLER

Favourite expression – “People please!” and “Blinkers!”

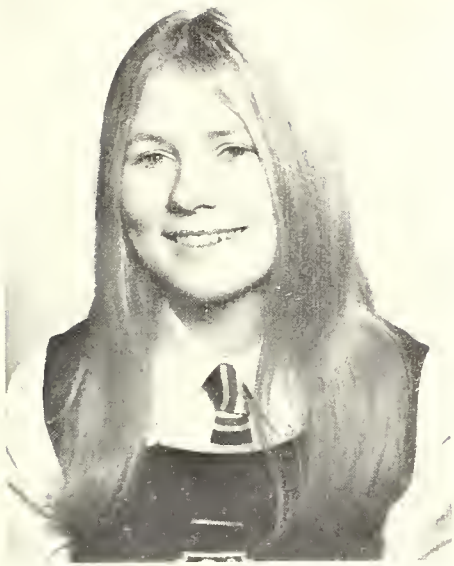
Rosalie is the only person in our class who has experienced a ride, with a broken ankle, in a hearse to the Magog Hospital one day when she was skiing.

She has also experienced a bumper-kisser accident with only her learner’s permit – the perfect way to start driving. By now, Rosalie should be a nervous wreck, but her art work shows no sign of shakiness.

Ro is the sixth form expert on Cuba and Banff. She has a never-ending supply of letters coming from her revolutionary friends – so, we have to keep an eye on her.

But above all, Ro is most famous for her love (?) of Algebra, for the groans can be heard everytime we learn something new. And, oh yes! Ro is sub-head of Beta Lambda.





JANET SAUNDERSON

"Not red, strawberry blonde!"

After twelve years of struggling through school Janet is ecstatic about the fact that this June she'll get her diploma. Janet is well-known for her frankness. If you ask her a question — she will answer you in all truthfulness (the understatement of the year).

On the weekends of the past couple of winters, Janet has been instructing the group of skiers called the Ski Chicks. After teaching, Janet can be found bombing the hills following those gorgeous creatures called Ski Instructors. Aside from skiing, Janet has shown her athletic ability in both volleyball and basketball. She always manages to get those mighty serves over the net. In basketball Janet tries very hard to get around Daphne's legs but in vain.

Next year, Janet has informed us she'll be found at Rougement, Switzerland studying (?) to be a secretary with Debby Savage. Eventually Janet hopes to work (?) in the vicinity of London and hopefully pick up a British accent.

DAPHNE MACKENZIE

Favourite expression — "Send this boy to camp!"

Ambition — International rider

Probable destination — mucking out Janis' stalls

A flash of white teeth, ears sticking out of long hair and legs that go on, and on, and on and on.... This is Daphne scoring a basket, hopefully against Miss Edgar's.

The most athletically inclined giraffe of the class, Daph was the natural choice for games captain and already has her name on the plaque in the gym. She is captain of the first basketball team but didn't make the tennis team; hit the ball with the racket, not your foot Daph.

As co-treasurer of the school, she and Di are always persuading people to help them roll pennies; they don't get too many volunteers. On Tuesday afternoon she pleads with us to please remember collection but she goes to great lengths to avoid the teachers' row on Wednesday morning.

School is alright for Daphne during the week, as the Sixth Form chauffeur, but on Friday afternoon her car is her own and she heads out to Hudson and her horses. Daphne hopes to follow in her sister's hoof-prints and join her at St. Lawrence next fall.





PHYLLIS MONTGOMERY

Phyllis is the only talented member of our sixth form who has the ability to fall up the stairs and break her foot, not skiing the way most people usually do it. But then again, Phyllis isn't just anybody. Other than being the illustrious head of our library committee her class activities consist of a variety of energetic pursuits; sitting leisurely in the back of the class she can usually be found constructing some geometric forms, playing with her eteh-a-sketch (which she later bought from the bazaar for her nephew's birthday), reading superman comies, knitting or struggling to answer the Grade Two elementary puzzle book questions. From this one can see that Phyllis is rarely heard in class, but we all feel her presence when the room begins to vibrate with her silent laughter.

Althought we don't know where Phyllis is destined for next fall, we are sure that most weekends and holidays she will be able to be found at Philipsburg.

JACQUELINE BURFOOT

"To sleep perchance to dream"

Jacqueline M.A. Burfoot otherwise known as "the industrious" sits in the back of the classroom with a rather sleepy expression in her big blue eyes always insisting that she really is working very hard. We all believe her implicitly of course. Despite her occasional lack of enthusiasm in other subjects when English rolls around Jac perks up her ears and brain, never failing to amaze the rest of the class, with her profound statements.

If not in the classroom doing yesterday's homework we can always find Jac in some dark corner rereading for the 10th time her letter from a certain someone in France.

Being in our last year we have thoroughly diseussed the subject of marriage and have concluded unanimously that Jae will be the first to hear wedding bells. She cannot deny it for she has already picked out her wedding dress.

Jac and Daph are in a close race for the tallest in the class but Jac insists that she is shrinking though we all tell her it's impossible. Apparantly we don't seem as far below her as we used to be. Oh joy, perhaps we are growing!

Jac is planning to go to France this summer to polish up her French and otherwise enjoy herself. Next year she will enter McGill and will no doubt do brilliantly.





DIANA COTTINGHAM

"In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich."

Few people know the real Diana. What is behind that blond hair, captivating smile and maniac laugh? Well, there is her enthusiasm as Beta Lambda's house head, her efficiency as school treasurer and, unknown to many, her willingness as a volunteer worker.

Di is the envy of all keen skiers of the Sixth Form as she can be found shushing down the slopes of Madonna every weekend.

Di hopes to study somewhere in Europe next year, whether it be in Germany, France, Italy or England she will feel at home as she can speak all of these languages.

So all you girlwatchers! Beware!



DEBBY SAVAGE

Favourite expression – "Oh, shut up!"

Debby comes to school every morning wearing her suede coat, the envy of us all. She enters the classroom, goes through Rosalie's mail and problems and then tells her to shut-up.

As sub-head, Deb has spent many a Thursday morning lecturing her faithful (?) Kappa Rho members about the do's and don'ts of the Study.

She is constantly telling us of her "wild weekends" in North Hatley. Deb's activities vary with the season: in the summer she can be seen whipping around Lake Massawippi in her sardine-can boat and in winter she "savagely" murders the hills of the Eastern Townships.

This summer we can expect Deb to coast around the country in her black "jag", skis on the roof, hoping desperately to find a patch of snow to ski on in the Prairies.

SUSAN JOHNSON

"There is so much trouble in coming into the world and so much more in going out of it that it is hardly worth while being here at all."

The class has searched in vain for a trace of optimism in Sue. In fact while others just have bad days she is sure this is not her year. She sits at the back of the class and contemplates our unfailing optimism with amazements. Occasionally she will attempt to convince us of our mistake but, frustrated in her efforts, she subsides into her corner muttering dire warnings of impending doom. The class becomes aware of her presence when her constant argument with Jackie waves to a crescendo. Although unaware of a scientific leaning she has taken all three courses and passed with flying colours. She also has great talent with the guitar and a clear voice to match. So the world is not all that bad as I am sure Sue will find next year at McGill (an original future – everyone else is going away).

Good luck, Sue – and keep that smile!





JUDITH ELDER

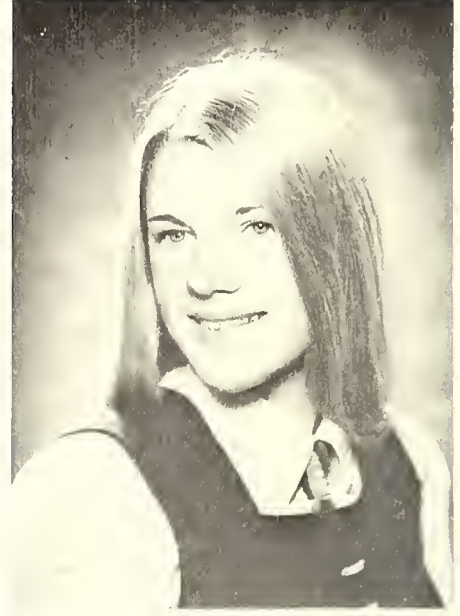
"Modesty once extinguished knows not how to return"
Favourite expression – "No, but I've read the Classic comic"

As head of the drama club Judy can be found backstage biting her nails, (all the productions have been a great success), or as editor of the yearbook panicking to make that deadline, she somehow finds time for everything except the occasional essay.

Before leaving for "Study Centre" on Thursdays, Judy squeezes in a basketball practice, as she is a member of the school team, or dribbles off to the library to take her turn at library duty.

Despite her ominous list of activities, one can still hear Judy's voice ringing out in the classroom in the morning, or find her lounging in the dining room over her break.

Her goal is an American University with a good ratio, but with her many abilities and interests Judy should have no trouble achieving and fulfilling her aims, (whatever the motivation behind them might be).



JANICE GOODFELLOW

Fav. Exp. – "How many for soup and milk today?"
Ambition – Phys-Ed Teacher
Probable destination – Vic Tanny's Bar Bell

Willowy and blond our Phys Ed enthusiast rushes in from Woodlands daily at 8:50 (9:10 if it snows) to fill out the lunch slip and take attendance. Because she lives on the south shore Janice is forced to stay for lunch every day and Mrs. Wright has taken advantage of this situation – thus Janice is the 1970-71 official grace singer and Upper A's super star. To everyone's envy she can consume, great amounts without gaining an ounce. At the end of the day our friendly fresh air fiend reverts to her pure and unspoiled natural habitat. Being an extrovert, (extremely) patient and an athlete she will definitely succeed in her calling.

Next fall Janice hopes to attend U.N.B. and we do hope they pad the gymnasium walls.

JANIS KRAUT

"A boy's voice changes when he reaches adolescence, a girl's changes when she reaches the telephone."

Ambition – To make her first million and donate it to Judy.

Janis, the newest member of the Sixth Form came to the school in Upper Fifth. To the envy of us all she eats like a horse and weighs in at 95 lbs. Despite her femininity she has surprised us by spending every weekend with horses and tractors at Hudson. Janis' ability to drive a tractor is limited....to ditches.

Her mathematical genius puts us all to shame, but makes her one of the more popular members of the class when we are stuck on a certain problem. Janis' hair is another great source of wonder and she is always surprised to find that nobody notices that she has had several inches cut off. Could you imagine Janis with short hair?

We all wish Janis the best for next year and we are sure that she will do well wherever she goes.



JILL CAMPBELL

Favourite expression – "What was that?"

Ambition – To be accepted into college.

Probable destination – Pushing the button on the garbage truck.

Jill can usually be found sitting in the sixth form room drinking milk with a little tea and munching on arrowroot cookies, to keep her weight down. If she isn't there, she's asleep in the back of the class. Jill, the most enthusiastic (?) member of the sixth form can be found at every basketball game pursuing her athletic interest by keeping score with Janis or Phyllis.

Jill returned from Banff this past summer and now occupies every class by creating fantastic doodles while at the same time oblivious to everyone and everything.

Some people have compared the "laughing Jill" to a hard working pneumatic drill, but in truth Jill's laugh is perfectly normalfor Jill.

An example of Jill's incredible ability to spell;

Q. Jill how do you spell 'tragic'? A. t-r-a-j-e-c-.



SARAH TOBIAS

"Let a smile be your umbrella"

Ambition – Not to be an English teacher

Probable destination – An English teacher

Favourite expression – "...do me a favour?"

Out of the darkness comes — Super-Smile! Shining up the classroom her smile and insane "Hee! Hee!" send out warning signals that Sarah has arrived. Her enthusiasm and artistic genius have gotten many a project off the ground. Her ideas gave the Bazaar its distinctive style and flavour. Despite the fact that she does not want to make it her career, she is an excellent writer on the subjects most dear to her heart — Paul Newman and krinkly peanut butter sandwiches. Her interests are many and varied from art auctions to judo to Peanut's comic strips. Her only handicap is her incredible shortsightedness which leads her into walls, doors and distorts the whole world for her. Example: "Are those hotdogs over there?" "No, I'm afraid they're a pile of bricks." Nonetheless, Sarah is on the right track if in mind only. We hope she can keep herself together when she enters university in the fall next year.



DEBBY CARTER

"And I learned also that shadows are not black but colored" —Of Human Bondage

One of the most creative members of the sixth form, Debby has activities that range from writing poetry to avidly photographing school life for the yearbook to transforming members of the Drama Club with the latest make-up techniques. Her artistic talent was invaluable both in the art room and at the Bazaar. The only American in the form, she provides for an interesting and stimulating atmosphere in history class when faced with nineteen ardent Canadian Nationalists (Jackie excepted). She has lately formed a passion for health foods and is always willing to pass out sesame seed crackers and dietetic chocolate bars at lunch. Sub-head of her house, she can be found at all inter-house activities cheering on fellow Delta Betans, accompanied by her faithful friend Horatio, the mascot. In spite of her inability to completely conquer the mathematical world she will no doubt conquer all sorts of other fields.

PRIMITIVES





LIBRARY COMMITTEE

LEFT TO RIGHT: Janis Kraut, Daphne MacKenzie, Jackie Burfoot, Patti Johnston, Linda Sutherland, Monica Heller, Judy Elder, Alison Galt, Phyllis Montgomery (Chairman)

On the whole, this has been a very good year for the Library. The Library Committee started off with ten members, and, at the time of writing this, is in the process of choosing several new members from Upper Five and Lower Five to help with all the work that has to be done.

There were the usual problems that seem to crop up every year — a few missing encyclopedias and books which were eventually found, confusions concerning cards in the books, and a few books that disappeared with members of the school who left last year.

A great many books were purchased, including many French books. The Library has also acquired several new pieces of furniture, including a book case and a magazine rack. Soon to come will be a cabinet for the pamphlet file.

The school owes a great deal of thanks to Mrs. Willmott who puts all her spare time into her work in the Library. The Library takes this opportunity to thank her and to express our hope that the Library will continue to expand next year and in the years following.

Phyllis Montgomery
Chairman, Library Committee.

THE INMATES' VOICE

Last October, under the suggestion of Mrs. Scott, the Upper V started the first school newspaper, under the name of "The Inmates' Voice". The title was suggested by Upper IV.

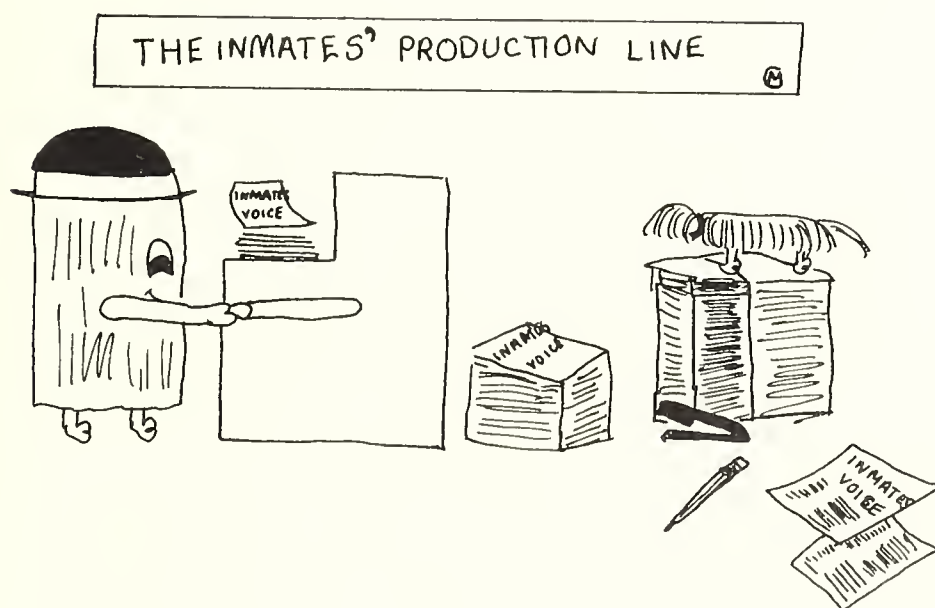
With several pleading talks and diligent Upper V typists the newspaper was printed once a month.

Articles covered such diverse topics as the Lower V geography dinner, the Federation, man in the hall, and Parliament. Most classes could be seen working out their "Wonderword" during math class.

"The Inmates' Voice" seemed to be a success as we had several subscribers and numerous letters commenting on the articles published.

Next year we hope it will continue in the same fashion.

The Editors
Christine McKinnon
Carol Beardmore
Jane Skelton



DRAMA CHRISTMAS TERM

Did anyone remember the Kitty Litter sand? Who's got daddy's donkey hat? The shovel, I need the shovel....

These were just a few of the questions that went into the first term drama production of Edward Albee's, "The Sandbox" directed by Judy Elder. The play, produced first for the Federation Drama night and later for the school workshop was described as "very interesting" and "well done" and despite a change in the cast the play was a success. Monica Heller was excellent in the part of Grandma, and both Jackie Burfoot and Rosalie Sabler were most interesting as the Angel of Death. Heather Ratcliffe was Mommy and Elizabeth Amsden and Alison Galt were excellently bumbling Daddys.

Two other plays were produced for the workshop. The Boy Comes Home, directed by Patti Johnston, was very well done by Patsy Kirpatrick and Alison Galt with a good supporting cast of Jane Skelton, Debby Carter and Christine McKinnon. The third play, a production of the new Junior Club, was "The Still Alarm" with Kate DeJong, Andrea Patch, Julia Turner, Barbara Goddard and a special mention for Anne Sutherland as the inspired violinist. The Drama workshop was well received despite trouble with curtains and we hope to do it again. Our special thanks go to Mrs. Willmott and Mrs. Allan for their advice and cooperation.





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TOP ROW: Debby Penton, Diana Common, Diana Cottingham, Rosalie Sabler, Sandy McDougall, Paddy MacKenzie. 5TH ROW: Caroline de Groote, Ruth Common, Jane Yuile, Karen McKenna, Lucie Fontein, Jill Morton, Heather Ratcliff. 4TH ROW: Cathy Oliver, Katherine Munro, Holly Hops, Peggy Hallward, Cindy Hops, Cynthia Reid, Patsy Porteous, Elaine Doherty, Jill Ronsley. 3RD ROW: Jane Common, Vicki Gregory, Cylia Rhea, Jane Fontein, Barbara Oliver, Joan Sabler, Vicki Harris. 2ND ROW: Susan Scholes, Faith Hallward, Sidney Fisher, Willa Black, Cynthia Rhea, Vivian Halperin, Jocelyn Friedman, Katherine Miller, Mary Dixon, Lisa McRobert. 1ST ROW: Melissa Philips, Felicia Norris, Ellen Sieniewicz, Michelle Guy. ABSENT: Carrie McDougall.

HOUSE HEAD – Diana Cottingham, Sub – Rosalie Sabler, Games Captains – Diana Common, Sandy McDougall, HOUSE MISTRESSES – Mrs. Gauthier, Mrs. Packer

Coming live from the lunch room we now have a special broadcast of the exclusive B.L. house meetings. The public has never before been allowed to view the strange rites and rituals that go on during the early morning hours. (The names have been omitted to protect the innocent – and the guilty.)

Nothing.... 4 excellents.... a rule.... For shame!

Rosalie: Settle down, house. Would the culprit please step forward to explain her crime.

The culprit (as the tears start to flow): Mumble, mumble.

Di: It's all right; go and sit down.

Reporter (to all those outside): Hello, sports' fans! It's that time again, and now take it away Di and Sandy.

Di and Sandy: O.K. folks – this is a really poor show. We came last again this week!

Reporter: You have just witnessed live the 2000th weekly meeting of B.L.

Now that you're caught up in this drama I know you'll be hanging by a thread until the results come out in June.

This is your reporter signing off. Ta ta from the Study lunchroom.

Good luck next year!

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TOP ROW (L-R): Jackie Burfoot, Phyllis Montgomery, Debby Carter, Cathie McKinnon, Monica Heller, Diane Allison. FIFTH ROW: Patsy Kirpatrick, Mary Minty, Jane Skelton, Mary Boswell, Debbie Baxter, Chris McKinnon, Daphne DeJong. FOURTH ROW: Doone Patch, Laurie Carbin, Julie Fisher, Kate DeJong, Jennifer Goddard, Molly Doheny, Annette Nicholson. THIRD ROW: Julia Creighton, Susie Hyde, Diane Peirce, Polly Carter, Wendy Whittall, Liza Henderson, Andrea Patch, Carole Lennard, Heather Kyle. SECOND ROW: Diana Stevenson, Diana Durnford, Heather Frosst, Sarah Stairs, Lisa Price, Barbara Goddard, Anne Patterson, Pam Carter, Jeanie Baxter. FIRST ROW: Stephanie Isaacs, Sarah Ivory, Horatio, Dorothy Durnford, Caro Creighton. ABSENT: Cindy Birks, Sandra DeJong, Alison Marchant, Lenore Spiegel, Lyn Price.

HOUSE HEAD – Cathie McKinnin, SUB – Debby Carter, CO-GAMES CAPTAINS – Jackie Burfoot, Mary Minty, HOUSE MISTRESSES – Mrs. Ronsley, Mrs. Eastwood.

- Purpose – To produce a successful academic, athletic and enthusiastic Delta Beta.
- Materials – 47 Delta Betans, 1 patient househead, 1 equally patient sub-head, 2 untiring games captains, 2 new and interested house mistresses, an infinite number of excellents, an uncontrolled amount of detentions, rules and lates, 1 faithful yellow and blue stuffed owl (Horatio), 100 g. of house spirit, and as many sports points as the mixture can take.
- Procedure – Take above materials and combine every Thursday morning in the Music Room. Simmer gently throughout the year, adding pep talks when needed. For variety combine ingredients in different environments (ie. basketball games and bazaar parties) and add to original mixture.
- Result – Two pleased house heads and a united and spirited Delta Beta that should finish either first or second.
- Conclusions – If result is not as predicted, it is due to an error in calculation. Next time the experiment is performed, try limiting the amount of detentions, lates and rules.
- Good luck Delta Beta!

K
A
P
P
A



R
H
O

TOP ROW (L. to R.): Peggy Hampson, Sarah Tobias, Debby Savage, Alison Galt, Carol Beardmore, Terry Gentles. FOURTH ROW: Anne Hale, Anne Tobias, Carolyn Murphy, Wendy Goodall, Anne MacTavish, Deirdre Demers. THIRD ROW: Karen Stacey, Diane Wickham, Connie Everson, Elizabeth Shaver, Debbie Oates, Julia Turner, Corry Terfloth. SECOND ROW: Patricia Carlson, Stephanie Metrakos, Diane McGuaig, Susan Jane Schwob, Sandra Wickham, Susan Coughlan, Suzanna Birchwood, Louisa Oates. FIRST ROW: Gillian Wright, Jennifer Everson, Margaret MacCallum, Liane Meland, Anna Dennis, Alicia Hugessen, Patty Mollinger, Caroline Everson, Jill Hugessen, Diane Beardmore. FRONT: Wendy Coughlan.

HOUSE HEAD – Alison Galt, Sub – Debby Savage, Games Captain – Carol Beardmore, HOUSE MISTRESSES – Mrs. Wilmott, Mme. Perera

Kappa Rho (sung to the tune of “When the saints..”)

Oh when the kids come running in
With all their lates, rules and their sins,
Oh I wanna be there when we win
As those excellents come rolling in.

K.R. will try its very best
To mash and beat the rest
Oh I wanna be there when it happens
When K.R. shall overcome.

We bid farewell, and luck will tell
If you'll appear on top next year
We want you to be in that position
And ruin the Kappa Rho tradition.

M
U



G
A
M
M
A

TOP ROW (L. to R.): Janis Kraut, Janet Saunderson, Linda Sutherland, Patti Johnston, Judy Elder, Daphne Mackenzie, Jill Campbell, Janice Goodfellow. FOURTH ROW: Elizabeth Reade, Elizabeth Amsden, Daphne Hampson, Sally Graham, Deirdre Stoker, Louise Keefer, Gill Stikeman, Christie McLeod, Jane Calder, Anne Seymour, Katie Dingle, Barbara Amsden, Anne Sutherland, Judy McKinnon, Selina Stewart, Marion Mitchell, Jennifer Malcolm. THIRD ROW: Zoe Just, Linda Cooper, Heather Pangman, Elizabeth Federer, Kathy Elder, Alexander Reade, Susan Gray. SECOND ROW: Marion Hecht, Eva Vavruska, Debbie Hall, Susan Wrigley, Tara Stoker, Vicky Stikeman, Robin Rapaport, Heidi Borner, Jackie Newcomb. FIRST ROW: Susan Seymour, Cynthia McCall, Herman, Judy Hecht, Margot Walls.

HOUSE HEADS – Patti Johnston, Judy Elder, Games Captain – Daphne Mackenzie, HOUSE MISTRESSES – Miss Foster, Mme. Charnoubi

The Ravin' M.G.s

With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe

Once one Thursday morning bleary, stood we house heads weak and weary,
Facing once again our interminable chore.
While the house sat noisily chatting, suddenly there came a rapping,
'Twas only Patti gently tapping, tapping for a silent floor –
Only this and nothing more.

Ah, we dread the lates, detentions, and other sins that we won't mention,
And each house point wrung to make up our total score.
From Amsden, Borner down the line, to McLeod and Mitchell, we're doing fine;
No lates, two rules, we're falling behind –
But wait! A murmur from the door,
Quoth Vavrushka, excellents four.

Then on to sports, let's hear the news, Daphne no longer has the blues,
And every M.G.er has added to our brilliant score.
With thanks to Hechts, and Upper A, their winning ways have made our day –
When shall we be the last of four?
Quoth our Herman, Nevermore.

BAZAAR REPORT

On October 29, 1970 if you happened to amble past a mansion on the Boulevard and noticed a huge sign saying "The Trading Post", a few frantic girls wearing Indian headdresses and totem poles supported on their shoulders — don't worry — it was not an eccentric family moving into the neighbourhood — it was the Study Bazaar. Each year the Study puts on its thinking cap, turns on its motor and starts slaving like mad to put together the Bazaar. But in the middle of the rush this year somebody stopped us short by asking, "Why do we have the Bazaar?" "Because we always have!" We answered thinking of no better explanation. It lead to a big investigation to find out why exactly the Study has a Bazaar and this is what we found: In 1941 the first annual Bazaar was held and the proceeds were given in support of the war going on at the time. Of course the sale was on a much smaller scale but the Study girls earned one hundred dollars of which they were very proud. Today, thirty years later we still have many of the booths started in 1941 and with all that experience we are now earning over two and a half thousand dollars.

This year the sixth form wanted to support a charity that was not only worthwhile but very Canadian. Charity begins at home, (pardon the cliché) but we found it was true. We came up with the idea of the Canadian Indians. Our donation was given to needy Indian children in Quebec. Enthusiasm reached its height when Chief Max Gros Louis of the Huron Indians came to visit us and spoke about his reservation and the life of the Indian. He showed us films of his people and we were given visual evidence of their condition. Taking the Indian as our theme, The Study, within a few short hours, transformed itself into a regular wigwam with totem poles, Indian posters, squaws to look after visiting papooses and an Indian Chief to give general directions. The Hurons even lent us some old Indian relics from their tribe which we put on display.

The Study girls produced some beautiful goods this year, in particular candles which were being made by the hundreds and sold equally as fast. The one department we are most proud of is Jams and Jellies, which, for the first time in history, managed to reach its goal of six hundred and surpass it by two. Congratulations!

At five-thirty when the wigwam closed up we trudged home with sore feet and aching backs, yet we do not speak with forked tongue when we say we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. The Study has three hundred and sixty-five moons to recover til the next Bazaar.

Diane Allison •

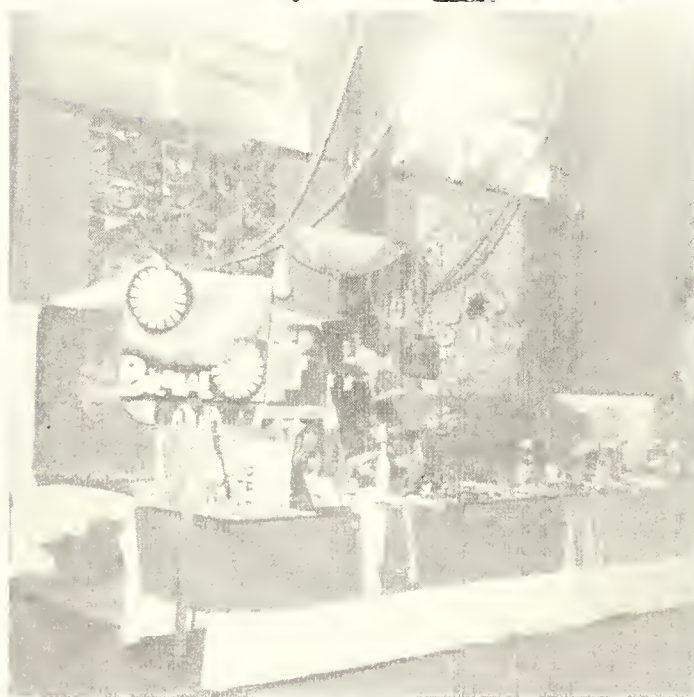




↓ he



B'ZAR

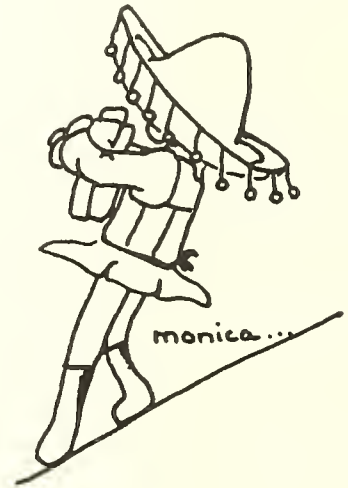


THE FEDERATION

Several years ago, the idea was brought forward of forming a federation of several private schools in the Montreal area. Six schools enthusiastically agreed and having formed a corporation, they energetically worked at planning activities for charity and pleasure purposes. Dances and Science Fairs were subsequently held and the Study Centre was set up as an aid to underprivileged children in the Little Burgundy area. This was the spirit of 1966 but in 1971, the image has undergone a great change. The enthusiasm has been replaced by apathy and instead of expanding to include more schools within the province, the Federation has begun to shrink as representatives lose interest. As the year began meetings were held, plans made, but no one seemed keen enough to put the ideas into action. Finally a trace of eagerness was uncovered resulting in a drama night and a debate, both great successes. They proved that with that certain amount of effort, the Federation can be a useful and worthwhile organization.

Next year, the private schools will have to make a decision as to whether they want to continue this organization. If so, they must have the full co-operation and support of the schools behind them. Only then can the representatives make it the worthwhile and profitable union that it can so easily be.

Patti Johnston
Senior Federation Representative



ROYAL ARTHUR/STUDY CENTRE

At the beginning of the year we were overwhelmed by the huge number of people from all six schools of the Federation who wanted to tutor at Royal Arthur and Study Centre. All four days were full — almost too full. But then, although it should have been expected, the enthusiasm turned to apathy as more and more people dropped out. There was a brief resurgence of enthusiasm at Christmas with the Study Centre Christmas party, at which we entertained and fed 180 children. But then the excuses began to roll in. "It wasn't what I'd hoped for" . . . "Well, exams start next week" . . . "We're not accomplishing anything" . . . It is, it seems, impossible to hope for all the tutors to have patience, perseverance and unselfishness, although there are some who have been patient and who have perseverance, and hopefully have not only given but have received something from the experience. Many are grateful to them. Perhaps the situation should have been explained to all the volunteers in more detail. As it is, The Study, Miss Edgar's and L.C.C. only are going to Royal Arthur and Study Centre is trickling along as best as it can.

Hopefully those running the programs next year will profit from the lesson of this year. Both are worthwhile, and although results are not immediately visible, the staff of Royal Arthur School and The Negro Community Centre do feel that we have accomplished something. If we want to continue we have to remember that we are there not for ourselves, but for the children. We can't give up for a minor reason, although it would be so much easier and less tiring that way.

Monica Heller



Hello there Dahling . . .



Autographs anyone?



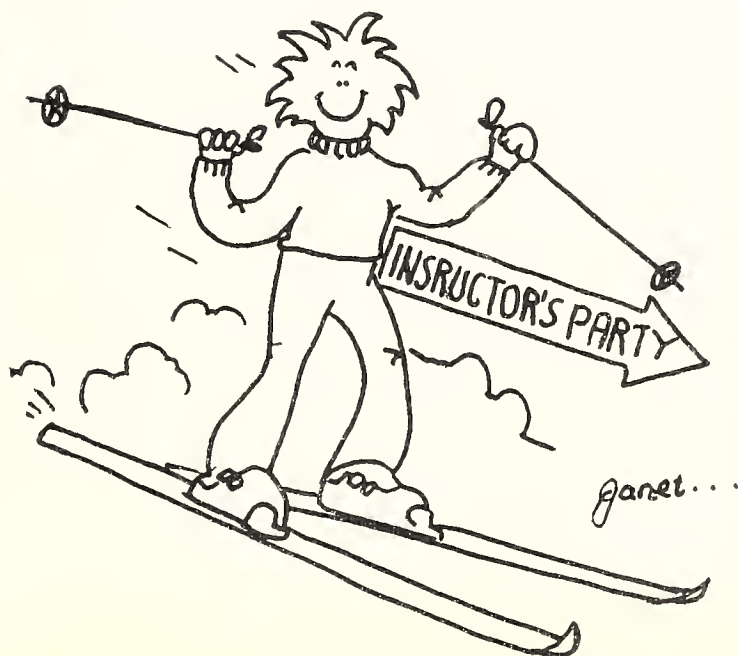
Termpapers, exams, where will it all end?

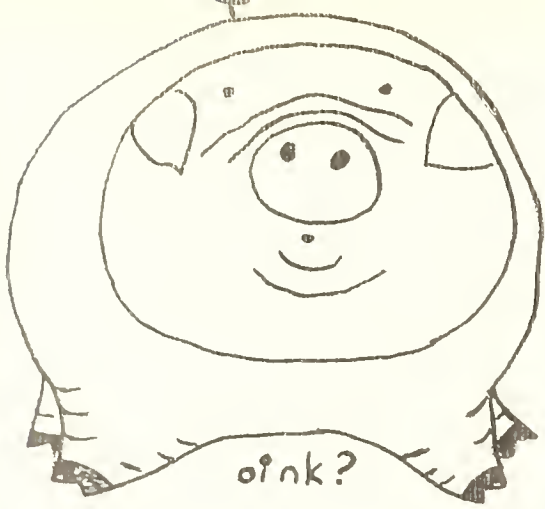


My Sweet Juliet

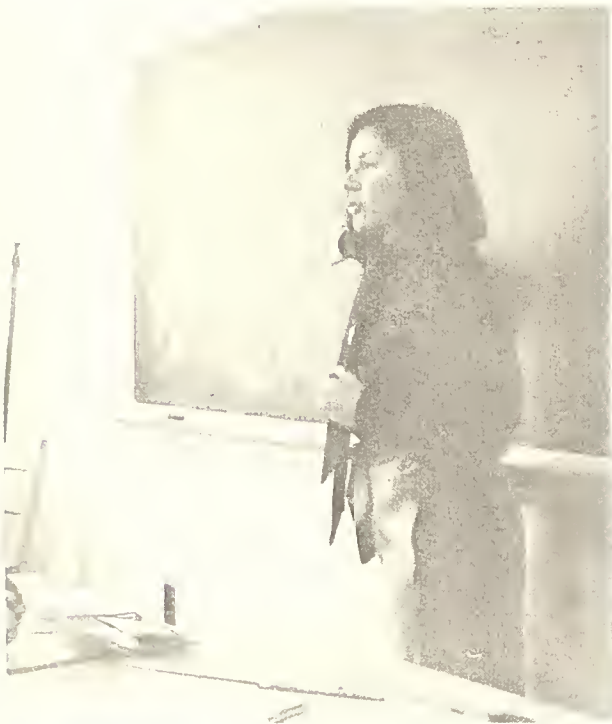


Great legs for hot pants.





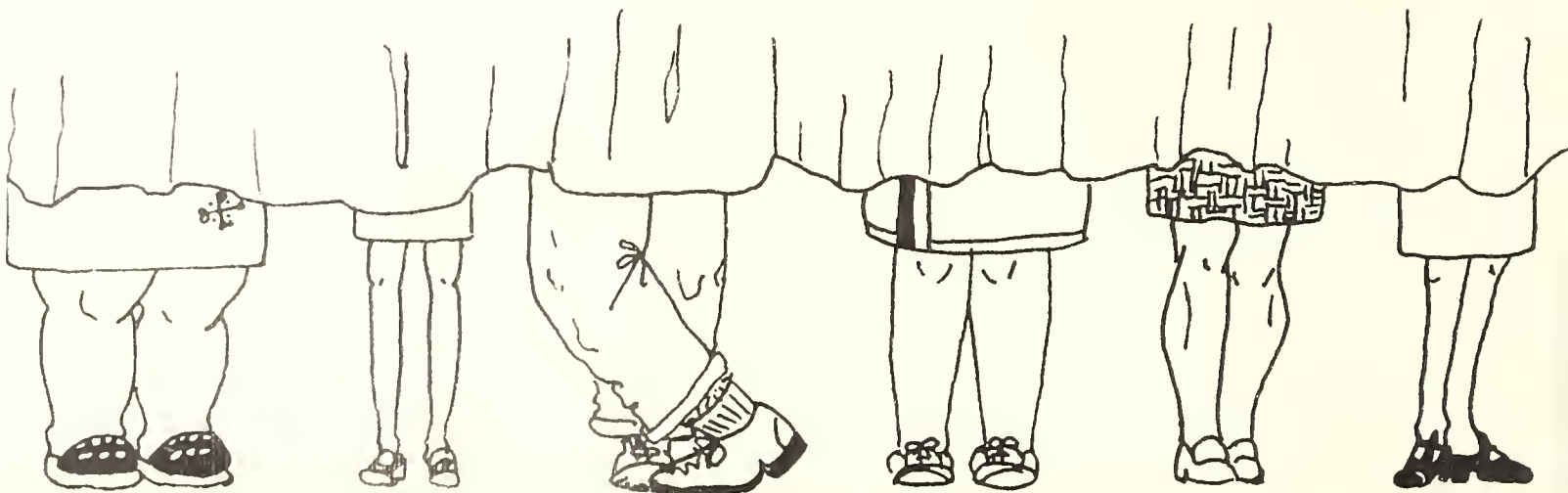
Hail Mighty Minty!



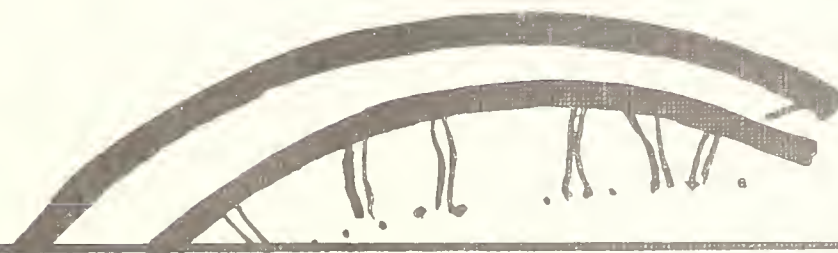
that fly was a knock out!!



CURTAIN CALL



SPORTS





BASKETBALL FIRST TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT: Sandy McDougall, Paddy MacKenzie, Peggy Hampson, Christie McLeod, Daphne MacKenzie (Captain), Daphne DeJong, Carol Beardmore, Judy Elder. ABSENT: Jane Bourke.

STUDY'S SENSATION SWINGS SUCCESS IN '71 – INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL

This is your Study Chronicle play by play basketball commentator bringing you the exciting rematch between the ferocious Edgars' and the sensational Studyites.

— — With two minutes remaining in the final quarter Miss Edgar's is leading by one point... but the Studyites are really hot this afternoon, with sneakers flying and elbows shoving, both teams clash in friendly competition. The second hand is creeping towards the zero hour... But wait! The Study has intercepted — they streak down the gym in a flash of yellow, green and blue. A pass — another pass — she shoots — she scores! — The Study wins by one point!

And so this exciting season draws to a close with The Study tied for the first team cup with Miss Edgar's, and the ever enthusiastic second team finishing an undefeated season. Injuries were kept to a minimum this year despite our somewhat unconventional play.

SIXTH FORM vs. THE TEACHERS

The Sixth Form Sharks challenged the Gallant No-Talents to a duel with their choice of weapons — They chose basketball (with a 20 point advantage).

Well, as you might not expect, the Gallant No-Talents came out victorious as the Sharks battled to a 23-24 score.

I know the Sixth Form and the rest of the school enjoyed the game, and we hope that the Gallant No-Talents boosted by their success, will accept future challenges.



BASKETBALL SECOND TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT: Deirdre Demers, Jill Morton, Ruth Common, Deirdre Stoker, Terry Gentles, Mary Minty, Karen Stacy, Patsy Kirkpatrick, Debbie Penton, Jane Skelton. ABSENT: Lyn Price (Captain)



24-23



16-15





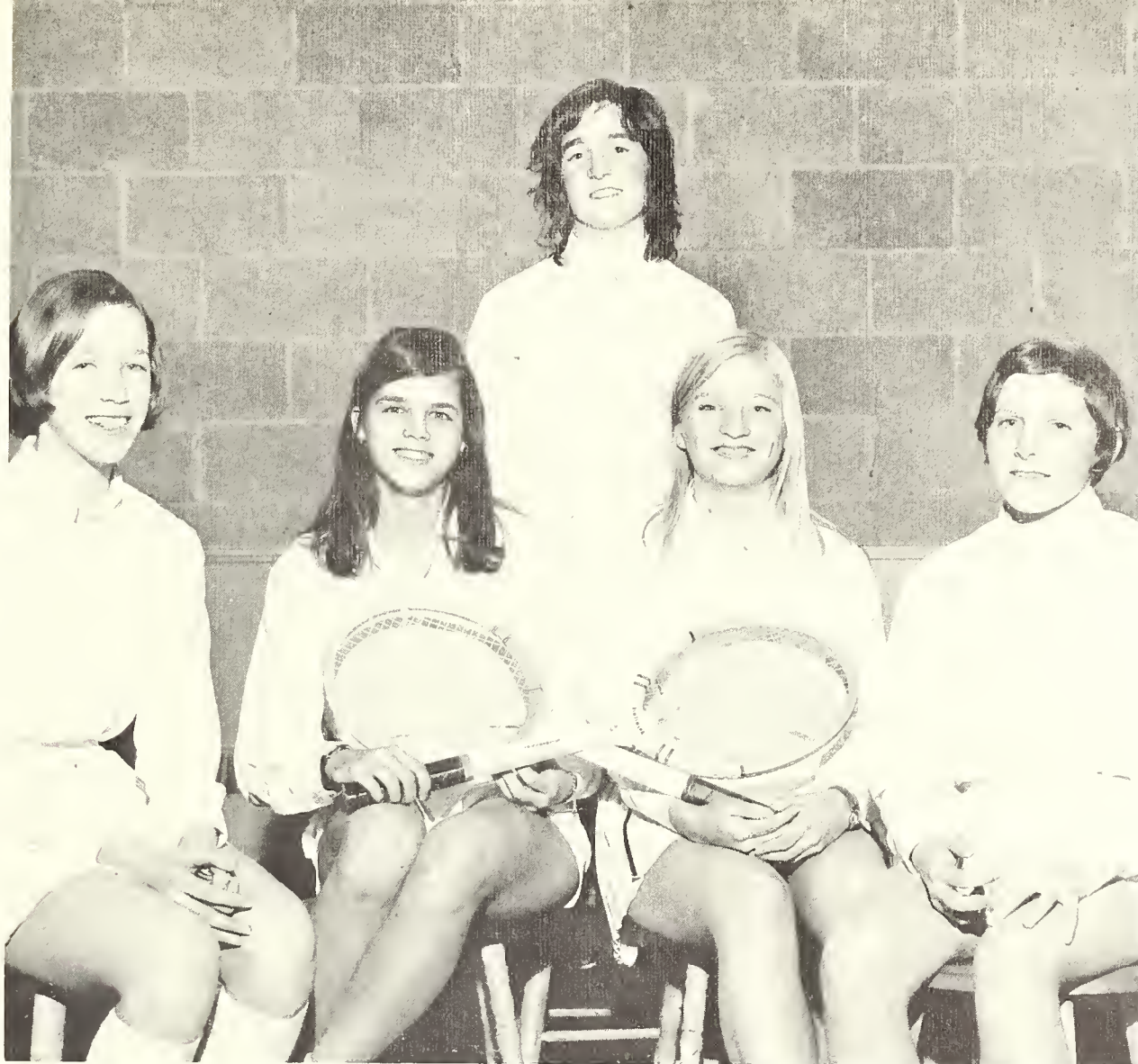
FIRST VOLLEYBALL TEAM

(L-R): Susan Johnson, Patsy Kirkpatrick, Jackie Burfoot, Mary Minty, Daphne Mackenzie, Sandy McDougall, Paddy Mackenzie, Christie McLeod.

SECOND VOLLEYBALL TEAM

(L-R) KNEFLING: Gillian Stikeman, Karen Stacey, Heather Ratcliff, Ruth Common, Deirdre Demers, Connie Everson.
SITTING: Carrie McDougall, Judy McKinnon, Barbara Amsden.





TENNIS – L-R: Sandy McDougall, Deirdre Demers, Mary Minty, Paddy MacKenzie, Judy McKinnon.

SPORTS REPORT

With many thanks to Mrs. Wright, our loyal and devoted leader in the fight against total vegetation . . . (of body), we arrive at the end of another successful sports year.

With basketball behind us, the two teams have managed to retain their respective cups, (though the first shares theirs with Miss Edgar's). Both inter-school and inter-house basketball drew tremendous crowds, not to mention the Sixth Form vs teachers' game in which supporters seemed to appear out of the woodwork – (brick work??).

The Easter Term was involved mainly with volleyball from which Kappa Rho immersed the undefeated champs.

Although teams of only nine players were chosen (one from UV and VI, the other from UIV and LV) we were pleased to see the large number of prospective players at the try-outs, and hope as much interest is shown in the sport in the future.

For the first team tournament The Study hosted Weston and St. George's and won undisputed victories throughout.

The second team also came out on the top, beating Weston, St. George's and Miss Edgar's. A close rematch with the latter was held in which The Study proudly retained their title.

With Spring comes badminton and Sport's Day.

Sport's Day at Murray Park has been planned for the lower and middle schools. The upper school has been exempt from the traditional Sport's Day due to lack of enthusiasm and the heavy work-load.

Other spring activities include swimming and some outdoor games which are a welcome break after the long winter.

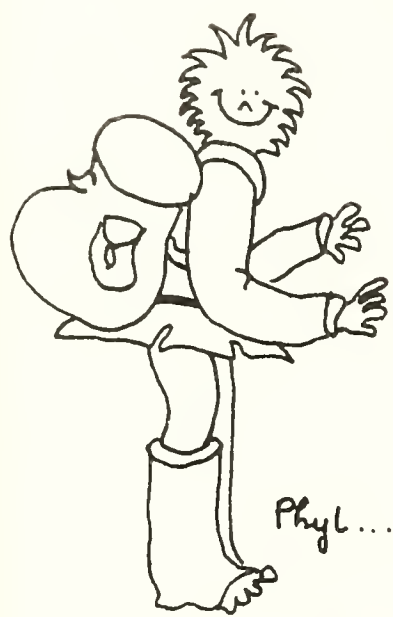
We wish to extend our greatest thanks to all those who performed gym duty during breaks. All the people involved tried their hardest to remember "her day" and to be there in order to allow the younger students to use the gym.

Many thanks to: Patsy Kirkpatrick, Di Common, Carol Beardmore, Mary Minty, Sandy McDougall, Debby Carter, Cathie McKinnon, Monica Heller, Linda Sutherland, Patti Johnston, Diane Allison, Jackie Burfoot and Daphne MacKenzie.

Daphne McKenzie
Games Captain

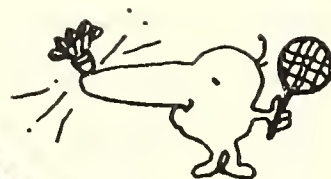


"I've got it,
For once in my life
I've actually got it."

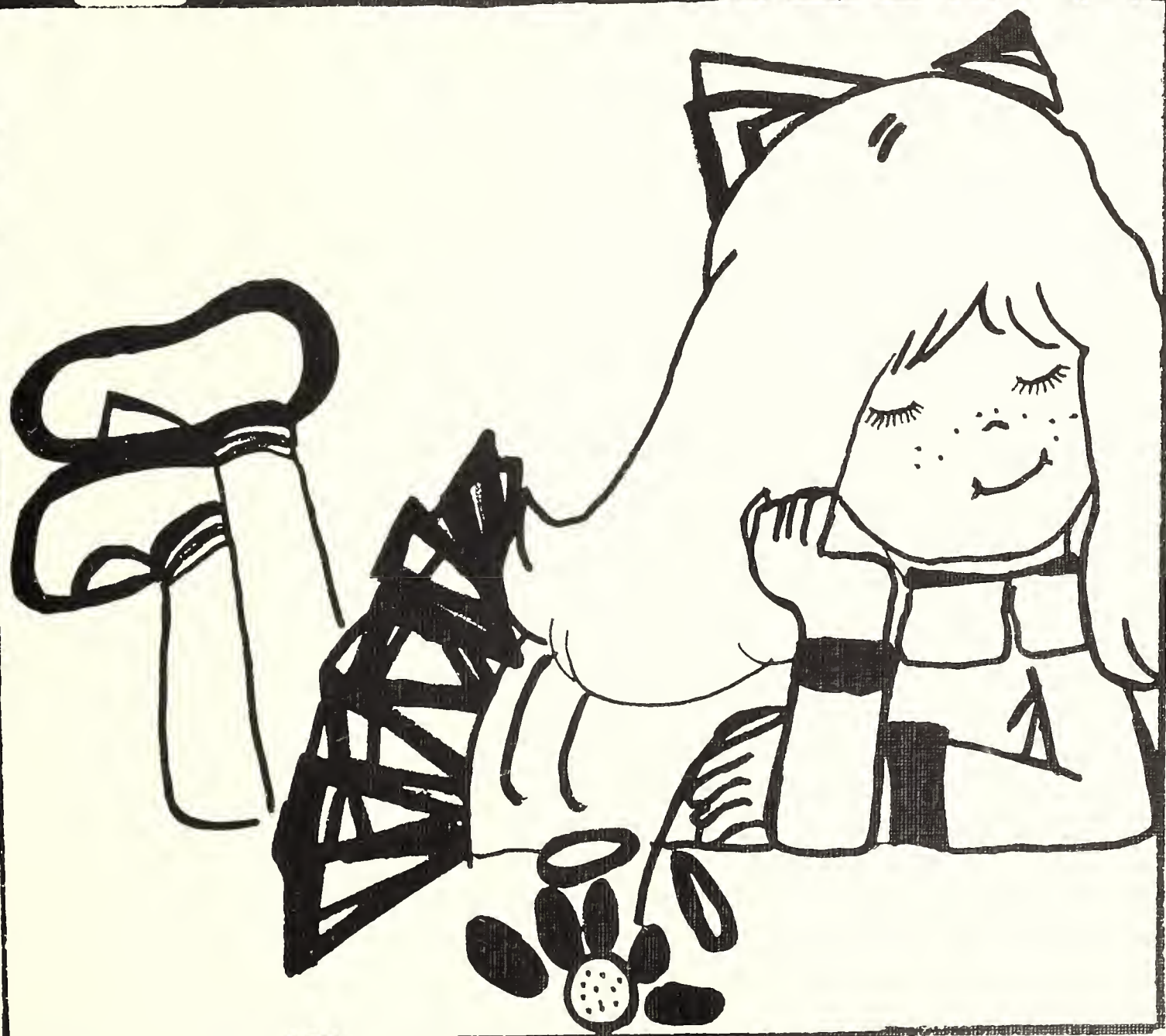


Phyl...

S P O R T S



LOWER SCHOOL





KINDERGARTEN

BACK ROW: Deborah Garson, Gill Welsford, Mary Riddell, Valerie Otto, Sara Piggott, Jennifer Frosst, Lisa Shaddick, Jennifer May. FRONT ROW: Ann Hallward, Caroline Price, Linda Wrigley, Madeline Mulholland, Virginia Zarifi.



LOWER B

BACK ROW: Michelle Bresnick, Juliet Wilmer, Linda Mackenzie, Mary Lombard, Claudia Lach, Caroline Rhea, Elizabeth Mulholland, Anna Assimakopulus, Linda Davis, Daine Farish, Carolyn Walsh. MIDDLE ROW: Melanie Barwick, Alex Elliot, Noni Coenen, Amanda Travers, Caroline Gillespie. FRONT ROW: Gabrielle Korri, Erica Nadler, Kimberley Salomon.



UPPER B

STANDING: Evelyn Cheesbrough, Tinnish Andersen, Beverley Scholes, Willa Stevenson, Tina Otto, Linda Rudberg, Caroline Palmer, Shaura Fenichel, Nancy Alexander, Jennifer Hallward. KNEELING: Kate Dalglish, Tricia Heward, Carlotta Stoker, Lisa Piggott, Susan Oliver, Sara Price, Angela Brickenden. SITTING: Victoria Roffey, Katherine Goddard, Annabel Hallward, Jane Whittall, Carol Turner.



LOWER A

BACK ROW: Michelle Rodon, Nora McKim, Tey Cottingham, Cathy Whittall, Diana Bourke, Jocelyn DeJong, Anna Cope, Suzanne Barwick, Wendy Davis, Susan Hood, Sandra Wrigley, Stephanie Nadler. FRONT ROW: Sally Bishop, Francesca Kippen, Holly Pangman, Christine Scholes, Gillian Newcombe, Megan Borner, Susan Vipond.

The Talking Parrot

Far away in Africa, there lived a talking parrot. The owner of the talking parrot was a very old woman. She loved her parrot very much. But the only thing the parrot could say was "run for your lives ladies". Now one late afternoon the old woman had to buy some bird seeds. Then all of a sudden the parrot flew away. He flew to where some ladies were having a tea party. Some were inside and some were outside. Then the parrot stopped, sat on the roof, and said, "run for your lives ladies", and all of the ladies ran here and there. By now the old woman was coming home from the shop. Then she spotted her parrot. "Come down! Come down!" cried the old woman, so the parrot came down and went home. But that night he didn't get any supper.

Susie Barwick
Lower A

Feet

My feet can do lots of things, they can: run,
jump,
bump,
thump,
walk,
talk,
rush,
skate,
hate,
wait,
nap,
tap.

Can your feet do all that?

Linda Rudberg
Upper B



A sloshin to ploshin — as written (A Solution to Pollution)

Most pepole care about this world as well as I and I think somebody should do something. Pepole in our world and only pepole can purvent ploushin. Pepole ploud (pollute) this world by gas and pepole throing cans and bottles in lakes and rivers and there are a lot of other things. On the other hand some pepole don't care about this world and the things that happens in it. The way to purvent it is just don't throw things around and maybe we can live in a nice new world.

by Diana Bourke
Lower A

Gray Is . . . ?

I am gray
Gray is the colour
that artists paint on their easels,
I am the colour of a mink and a weasel
I am the little gray rat
who scurries across the wiping mat.
I am the night that comes into your room
On rainy days I fill you with gloom.
Gray is the colour of stones in the river
Gray is the colour that makes you shiver
I am the colour of coats of men,
Oh, gray is a lot of things
You only have to notice them.

Susan Hood
Lower A



Once upon a time there was two little dogs. they were bad. they alwes chood the washing and ran away with it. I was mad. I ran after them but I cood not catch them. they stopt for a minit and ate sunbudes flowers. they chood there washing to. I kept runing after them. they ran into a gardin. I cood not clime over the fens. I cood not wigil under eyethere. I fownd a gate and I went in. I cot them. I got mad. I did not give them any super.

— as written

by Linda Mackenzie
Lower B

The Butterfly

Up and down the air you float
Like a fairy boat
I should like to sail the sky
Gliding like a butterfly.

Nora McKim, Lower A

Alone

when a museck box is plain in a dark room
it seems alone
its a nice felen when you are alone
because you hear the magic in the arr.

Nancy Alexander
Upper B

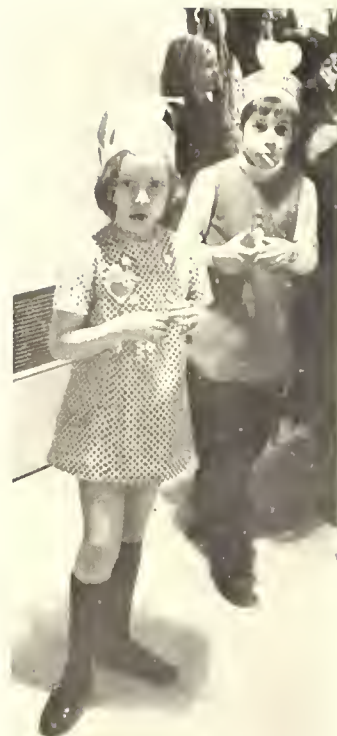


Snake takes a Look at the weather

Snake goes outside.
plop!
A bead drops on his nose
plink!
Another one plops in his mouth.
It is good.
Snake looks for more.
Are they beads?
Or are they bugs?
Snake wonders.
All of a sudden
the beads stop.
Why?
Snake does not know.
Snake stops wondering
goes back inside.

Susan Hood
Lower A





Sea Water

In Bermuda, the sea is warm. It is wet and very still. It makes me think of seagulls gliding and drifting down on the sea. The sea is a soft sort of blue. It's calm with small little waves gently moving up and down. You can see fish and shells floating around which make a glowing colour, rather a pink. It has a bubbling sound when a wave comes crashing down. I can see people diving through the wave, and I do as well. It feels like a big bucket of water pouring down on top of you.

Gigi Kippen
Lower A



CREATIVE

ARTS



FASHIONS

Women have been the slaves of fashion for centuries and will be for centuries to come. They have toiled and laboured to make themselves the most fashionable birds in the park. What is it that makes the female of our species follow one another like sheep, the males will never know. All they can do is sit back and watch the family savings dwindle painfully away. . . spent on the latest fashions.

Along with fashion comes the moral aspect of clothing: that is, what is permitted to be seen and what is not. Back before the American Civil War the “Southern belle” was not permitted to show her ankle beneath her bell-shaped gown. The result was what resembled a perambulating Christmas decoration! However, as time went on and on and on, the dresses went up, and up and up, and will they ever stop the public cried. Well, they did, just in the nick of time! But, as the scandalized elders said the nick of time is better than no time at all; and the enthusiastic men just grinned and watched those long-limbed creatures who made their lunch breaks increasingly more interesting. It wasn’t long before the Girl Watchers Club was formed, and the members spent an enjoyable summer, much to their wives’ chagrin.

Then came winter and with it, the Big Freeze. The visual result was a sort of shambling, trotting creature, vainly attempting to pump congealing blood through purpled limbs and atrophied derrieres. Certainly the British “Arse perisher” was not meant for this climate! But spring eventually came, and the Great American Thaw set in.

After three or four seasons of this, fashion designers, fearing that alternate freezing and thawing might spoil the chemistry of any product (even birds) introduced the maxis and the midis. Despite violent protestations to the contrary, the inevitable has occurred and hemlines are creeping downwards.

Though husbands may hide their wallets in vain, there is always that little charge account that has been forgotten. Once more family economy totters on the brink of disaster — the designer always wins!

Elizabeth Reade, U.S.
Public Speaking Competition Winner



Haiku: Spring

tranquility wrinkled ...
ice to water, mirthful drops
March is melting.





Floating, sifting through the air
 endless emptiness
 falling, falling with no end.
 Magical lifelessness
 whispers harshly through my head
 world spinning and unendurable pain.
 Helpless.
 Golden flames light around me
 People screaming louder – killed – no more.
 Deeper into the agony of my mind I crawl
 Begging for reality.
 What I find is not my own but a trace of
 some lost world.

Alison Galt
 VI Form

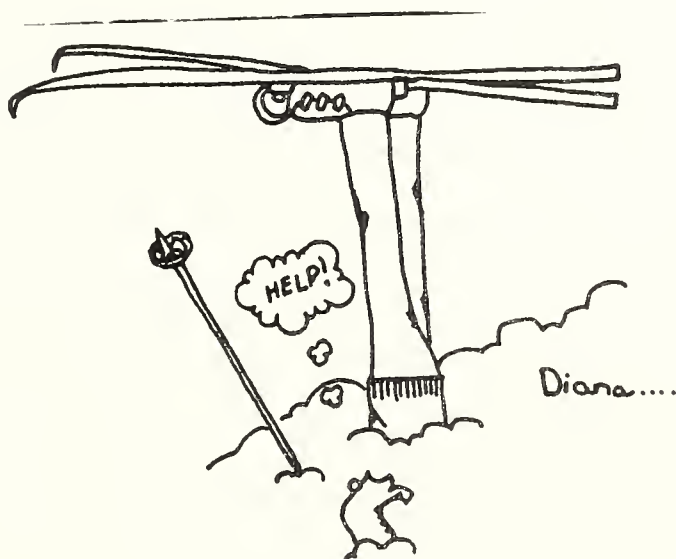
An Exciting Ride

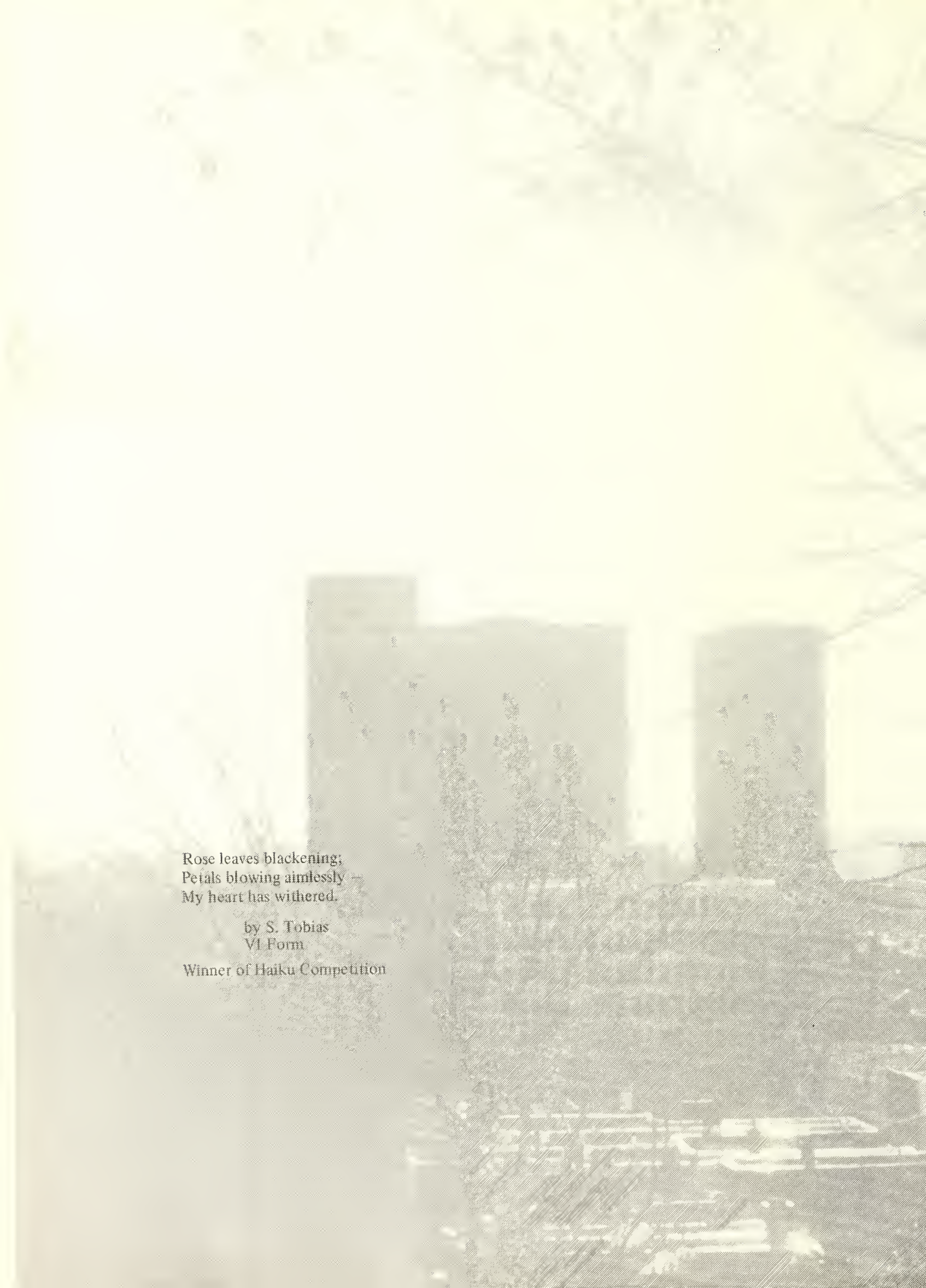
I climbed into one of the roller coaster cars and slowly it started to go up. Then as quick as lightning it zoomed down so fast that it felt as if your heart was in your throat. Then zipping around the bend we went and our car was swinging and swaying from side to side. Up we went again but this time much steeper, then we twirled around a slanted curve. Again down, down we went cutting through the air. It felt like going down a completely straight cliff. Frightened as we were we were still wild with excitement and it seemed as if our eyes were popping out of our heads. Then it began to slow down and it soon came to a stop. We got off but we were still excited and were ready to tell about our exciting ride.

Anna Dennis
 Upper A

Smiles on a young face
 Teardrops on an adult one
 Life is confusing.

by A. Seymour
 Lower IV





Rose leaves blackening;
Petals blowing aimlessly —
My heart has withered.

by S. Tobias
VI Form

Winner of Haiku Competition

AND ONE DAY – PERHAPS

It happened when I was twelve years old. That dramatic turning point that you read about in stories — so insignificant out of its context yet so influential that its great shadow encompasses you, draws you into the darkness, the bewilderment, obliterates the rays of light and surrounds you with a fearsome strangeness.

Right from the beginning life for me revolved around one person: my mother. I never felt the loss of having only one parent for my father had died too long ago for me to remember. We lived together in a small flat in a nice lower-middle class section but I never took any notice of our neighbours. Most of my existence was spent in our small but spotlessly clean apartment — a reflection of my mother's tidy person. It had few pieces of furniture but every piece was placed in its niche so that the arrangement could not have been more perfect. The colours of the rooms were warm and muted. Though the apartment itself had seen better days my mother made the wood of the furniture glow so that I never noticed the frayed upholstery or the faded curtains. Nothing ever changed. The serenity of our home was totally divorced from the cacophony of the street traffic, and the bustle of city life that I looked on it almost as a sanctuary. My mother had created an internal environment so constant and secure that I viewed our private world and the outside life as two separate entities.

From an early age I learned how unique and wonderful my mother was. She represented an ideal that I thought I would never reach. Her eyes seemed to make the rest of her face unnecessary for it was from them that all the feeling poured. They were not large eyes but almond shaped framed with fine dark lashes. They were violet and they changed shades according to the weather. Mother was highly intelligent and imaginative. When I was very young she never told me bedtime stories from the fairy books but made them up, weaving them into fantastic plots. But there was one story apart from all the others that Mother used to tell me — it was about the city of Paris. I could not really call it a story for to Mother it was a dream soon to be shared by me. For years it seemed, she had mentally been preparing our trip to that most exquisite and romantic capital. I always knew when Mother was going to talk about Paris for the fire kindled in her eyes and the little frown which seemed such a permanent part of her forehead, relaxed. She would always begin, “And one day perhaps you and I . . .” At five years old sitting on her lap, my limited childish fantasy could only conceive of Paris as a huge children's store filled with large stuffed animals, where they gave you all the chocolate ice cream you wanted. But even though she knew I understood little of the Champs-Élysée, the Etoile, the bridges over the Seine or even the side-walk cafes she continued to describe the city in her suggestive way accompanied by the gesticulation of her long slim hands. Her tone of voice took on a deep and mellifluous quality and I knew that her mind no longer belonged to the apartment or even to me, only to the splendour of the Parisien streets. As I became older, Mother showed me pictures of Paris from her books and I slowly began to realize the grandeur of the city. I too became immersed in the dream. We would talk for hours about our trip. In each renewed discussion we would add another detail to the voyage until the picture was so complete and so perfect, we dared not spoil it with further additions. It was so rich I sometimes had difficulty distinguishing dream from reality. With youthful impatience I would demand that we take our glorious trip without delay. But Mother gently reminded me that I had certain obligations: I was in school. Besides I was not yet old enough to appreciate the full beauty of Paris. The procrastination did not irk me instead it whetted my longing to see the place. My mother would often speak of Paris as of a reductive woman — proud, beautiful and always enticing. She lured and beckoned. My mother was right.

By the time I reached twelve I began to set one foot into the outside world. It was impossible to avoid contact with others at school and I gradually formed an attachment to one girl in particular. I would never bring her to our apartment though for fear that somehow her visit would be an intrusion not only on my sanctuary but on Mother's and my private dream. Nevertheless she liked me and would invite me often to her comfortable home whose spaciousness made me self-conscious. I was so flattered when she invited me to her birthday party that I could barely contain the joy within me. When I broke the news to my mother in bubbling, fractured phrases, her slow reaction irritated me slightly. "That will mean you will need a party dress, dear," she smiled wanly. I had never known her to speak so hesitantly. I answered reluctantly in the affirmative. Then she regained her usual brightness. "Well then, we shall go this Saturday to find you a lovely, new dress." The entire week I was filled with energy and an effervescence I had never openly displayed before. I imagined over and over the party dress I was to buy. On Thursday night I lay in bed in a state of excitement thinking of Saturday. My restlessness denied me slumber. I got up and quietly opened the door of my darkened room so that the hard streaks of yellow light pierced the darkness and hurt my eyes. I could hear the voice of my mother speaking as in conversation but there were no replies to her questions. She was on the telephone with her sister Marjory. The quality of her voice startled me. It was no longer the clear, warm tone I had always heard but a little shrill and scratchy, trembling as though she were choked by an emotion which had made its way up to her throat and which she tried desperately to hold back. Creeping closer to the phone with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension, I listened intently. I heard only snatches of sentences but enough to understand that my mother was begging for money. The receiver clicked down abruptly. I could not move from the spot, horrified at the revelation. My heart became a cauldron of disturbed emotions. Fear, insecurity, anger and disillusionment welled up within me. We were poor. For 12 years I had been deceived into thinking I lived in a world of security little realizing that destitution the furthest state from security was masked under a pretentious lie for my benefit. I began to understand the strange behaviour of my mother when she refused to eat with saying she would eat later because she was not hungry. But her sacrifices were no compensation. She had shattered my dream of seeing Paris. This I thought bitterly was the most ridiculous dream of all. How many hours had we spent thinking and talking of a mere illusion? And this illusion had not been conjured up for my benefit but for Hers – to sustain her. Unable to face the hard truth I took the child's way of escape and pretended it had never happened.

In the morning I emerged from my sleep, and my mind began taking in the new day. I recalled the previous night. Sitting for my breakfast I could get nothing down. I revealed nothing to my mother until the evening. That night as usual she opened her mouth to mention something about our trip when I interrupted her with a harsh mocking laugh. I had little self-control in my disturbed state. In shrill tones of reproach and anger I confronted my mother with her lie. As my tirade continued my voice and gestures became hysterical. She received the fury of my relentless attacks in stunned silence. It was the last I heard of Paris. Paris was dead and the fire inside my mother became extinguished.

Diane Allison
VI Form
Winner – Alexander Hutchison
Essay Competition



Eloquent twilight
grey murmur deepening
the soft summer nightfall

by J. Burfoot
VI Form

Vibrations pierce through
warm shadows oozing life's birth
Creativity.

by J. Goodfellow
VI Form

The Origin of the Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition

When Miss Gascoigne taught at The Study she would give her classes essays to write on the weekend. These essays were to be a description of an event, or whatever else came to mind. Mr. Harry Donald, a teacher at Selwyn House School, would also give the boys essays to write on the weekend. But these essays were to be written to widen the imagination. Imagination was used to bring inanimate objects, such as books, ink pot and pen, letters and pencils, to life, and to give them character.

Alexander Hutchison, an old boy of Selwyn House, is very keen on English literature. He put the ideas of Miss Gascoigne and Mr. Donald together and created an essay both imaginative and descriptive. He awards each year a prize to the girl who has written the best essay of this type.

Gill Stikeman
Lower V

The Kangaroo has a big jump
He jumps up high up into the air
He's got a pocket, a funny one too.
I like the Kangaroo, don't you?

Vivian Halperin
Upper A



All is over
 We met and talked and loved
 Hated, Hurt, and Helped
 Changed and Influenced
 But now we just walk away
 To live our lives alone
 Nothing Binding us
 But a memory
 Remember me.

Susan Johnson
 VI Form

jackie...

I Wish . . .

I wish I were a queen, I would rule the whole country. I would wear a gold crown and lots of people would come and see me. I'd like that.

I wish I were a rabbit I could jump very high. I would eat carrots and cabbage from farmers gardens. In the winter I would turn all white like the snow. That would be fun.

I wish I were a tree I would be evergreen. Lots of birds would make their nests on my branches. If I were hollow, a squirrel would live in me. A woodpecker would peck me. I would not like that!

I wish I were a bird, I would live in a tree. I would be the only thing on earth with feathers and could fly. That would be good.

I wish I were a cow I would give milk, butter, cream, ice-cream and cheese. I would always wag my tail so the flies would stay off. That would be quite good.

I wish I were a doll. A little girl would play with me and dress me and take me to bed. I would really like that.

I wish I were a boat. I would go across the sea. In me would be the captain, his crew and all the passengers. I would sail the seven seas. That would be fun too.

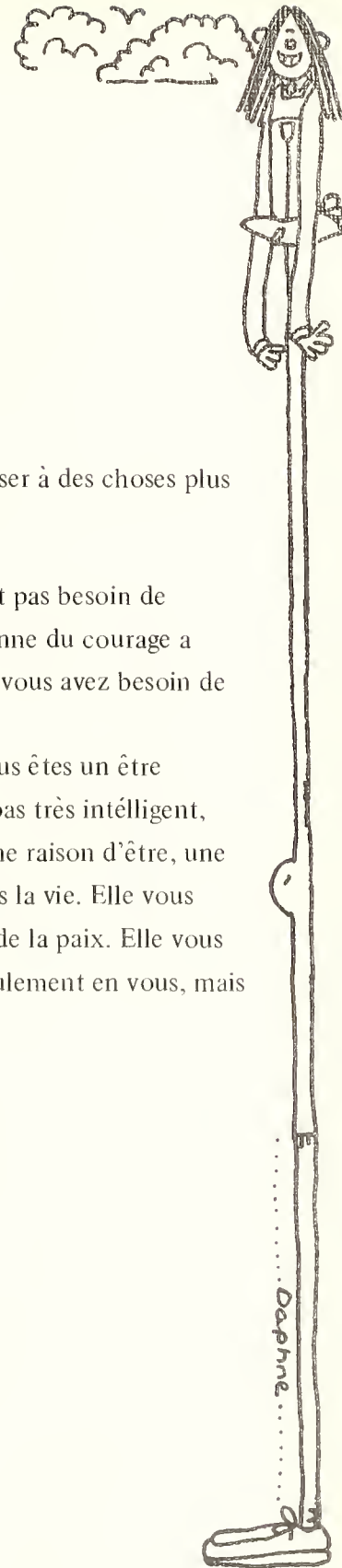
I wish I were a house. A family of six would live in me. In the winter they would make a fire in me and it would come out of my chimney. I'd like that.

I wish I were a fish I would live in a lake. I would eat sea plants and swim. If I saw a worm on a hook I would bite it, a man would pull me up and eat me. I would hate that.

I wish I were a pet dog. My master would feed me and take me for walks.

All these things would be fun, but I'M GLAD I'M ME!

by Wendy Coughlan
 Upper A
 Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition
 Junior Prize



“Etre avec des gens qu’on aime, cela suffit, rêver, leur parler, ne leur parler point, penser à eux, penser à des choses plus indifférentes, mais auprès d’eux, tout est égal.” La Bruyère.

La Bruyère voit des amis comme des gens qui se comprennent, l’un l’autre, et qui le savent. Ils n’ont pas besoin de l’affirmer à haute voix, ils n’ont pas besoin de le dire à qui que ce soit. Par sa seule présence l’un donne du courage à l’autre. Il lui dit, en effet, “Peu importe ce qui arrive, quoi qu’il arrive. Je crois en vous, et si jamais vous avez besoin de mon aide, de mon affection, je serai là.”

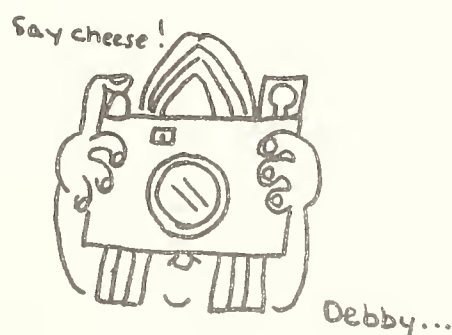
Un vrai ami ne vous juge jamais. Il pense que vous avez beaucoup de valeur, mais il sait aussi que vous êtes un être humain comme tous les autres. Vous faites des fautes, peut-être êtes – vous maladroit, ou laid, ou pas très intelligent, peu importe. Cette foi profonde, je la trouve indispensable dans la vie. Cette foi, cette amitié, est une raison d’être, une raison de continuer à vivre, d’essayer de s’améliorer, et de trouver de la satisfaction et de la joie dans la vie. Elle vous donne du respect pour vous-même, et de la fierté pour ce que vous avez accompli. Elle vous donne de la paix. Elle vous permet donc, d’être plus doux, plus gentil, plus généreux, plus heureux. L’effet en est senti, non seulement en vous, mais aussi dans le cercle où vous évoluez. C’est, pour la paix, une force impossible à vaincre.

Monica Heller
VI Form

The Goat

There was a silly billy goat
Who’d never, ever seen a boat,
One day he went beneath a tree
And down before him lay the sea,
He chanced to see a tiny boat
And said to himself, “How can it float?”
A chipmunk said to a tiny flea,
“How silly can a billy be!”

Felicia Norris,
age 9, Upper A



“I heard the old, old men say,
‘All that’s beautiful drifts away
Like the waters’”

“The sky was draped in sullen grey and the trees were hung with raindrops, and the sun was trying to illuminate their sad faces. I walked slowly by the beer parlour and watched them sittin’ there, faded gaunt eyes, cheeks furrowed by many hard years. I remember their faces well, they haunt my thoughts now. There was one old, old man I used to know ‘real well’ before my grammar got corrected and I forgot him in the shuffle of many years. His name was Harvey or Sam, but we knew him just as the playground man. He used to come every day, at least most always, he never had ‘other plans’. He’d walk very slowly along the rubbled sidewalk, like it hurt his stomach to jiggle it, then he’d peer at us through the criss-cross fence trying to focus on the fact we were all there, then he’d kind of shuffle in and sit on the old bench. He just sort of sat there, but we liked him, he was nice, used to bring us beer bottle caps and gum wrappers for making chains.”

“There are lots of old people around that not many people seem to pay much mind to – people seem to just figure old people will die soon (if they haven’t already) and then people can all say how sorry they are and never shed a tear. Or how awful a shame it was that he had no kin to look after him and he had had a very hard time, so it was better for him that it was all over and may he rest in peace.”

“The water came down the road after the rain was over, it came down in a stream of wavelets, very slowly, it had nothing better to do. It wasn’t really going anywhere special, it just took its time really – I mean what’s the big rush.”

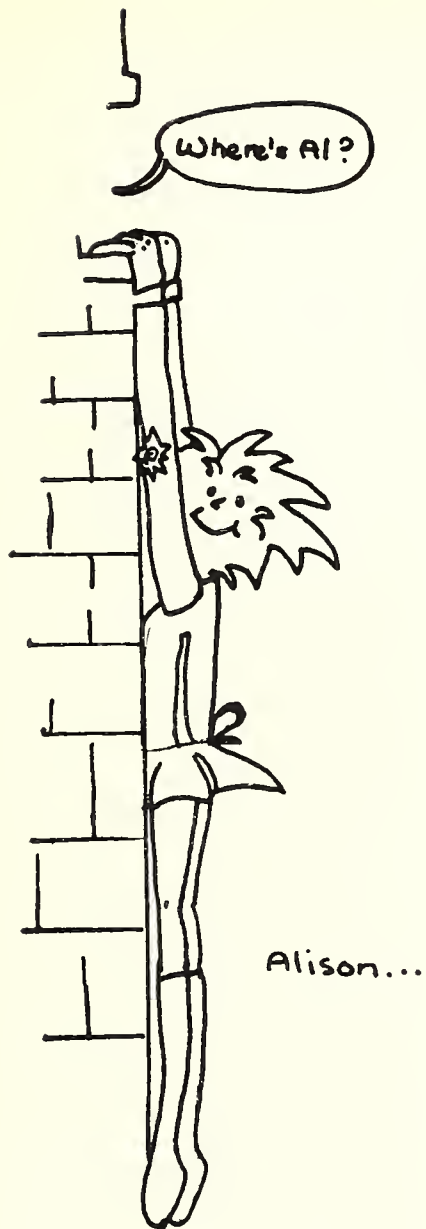
“I remember a little wrinkled old old lady that lived in a basement room. She had never got married, all her friends were dead and she had plenty of money put away for a rainy day – people said, that just shows you how little they knew. Sometimes I went and sat with her, she had a little tiny room that was about the size of a deluxe cupboard with a wood stove in a corner cubicle. She used to sit in her chair and talk to me all about when she was a little girl, she cooked me brownies. When she didn’t have visitors, which was most all the time, people said that she talked to her plants or her fat old ugly cat. She didn’t have a T.V. so she never saw any of the good shows like “Spiderman.” Sometimes she’d just sit kind of glazy-eyed in front of her window. When it rained she just sat there, looking through the wet window, her face looked tear-stained. Was it? I couldn’t tell. She liked visitors.”

“But I guess nobody really cared when she died, nobody really even talked to her, she was kind of a loner people said. But I know she was ‘real popular’, she told me so. She used to have lots of beaux and stuff; she used to be real pretty, you could see she had been when you looked at her faded delicacy. She once had been married too, she told me, he had died of influenza, nobody else knew except maybe the cat.”

“I sit in my chair curled up thinking about them. The tears come, slowly, and slide slowly down to the curve of my mouth. They once had had hope, friends, love and youth and something they never forgot – childhood. But, it left them like all the others had . . . I remember a long while ago, when I was little I saw the playground man one Sunday. He looked just as shuffly as ever when he entered the playground but he didn’t avoid all the puddles, he jumped in them, holding his stomach so it wouldn’t jiggle, then he didn’t sit on his old bench like usual, he went over and sat on the swing.”

Debby Carter
Sixth Form

Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition
Honourable Mention



I read the letter
 Twice.
 You asked me to cry for you
 So I did.
 I cried three tears for you
 Three tears.
 The first for lost love
 The usual cliché.
 A second for your search
 Your fulfillment.
 The third for – I don't know what
 Maybe fear.
 Fear that I still might love you
 Maybe pain.
 Pain of your leaving me
 Maybe hope.

The third tear was the worst
 and more are coming.
 Maybe hope . . .

Judith Elder
 VI Form



The warmth melting from
 the sun radiates to the
 depth of my own heart.

by C. McKinnon
 Upper V

Mrs. Ashford-Jones
 Has red hair
 Which she wears in pigtails.
 She also has four children –
 I don't know where the father is.
 He wasn't there when she took the kids
 To get the welfare cheque,
 And then to buy food, and a pair of shoes for somebody,
 While Di and I waited
 in the dirt courtyard
 in the rain
 in front of the broken window covered with plastic
 Flapping
 talking to the neighbours
 while they ate their lunch –
 Mae Wests and an apple.
 She never really thought we'd come until we got there.
 Neither did we, eating lunch on the terrace
 Overlooking the city
 After a swim in the neighbours' pool
 Until we descended
 Down the mountain, under the tracks.
 And then left them, after one last piggy back
 on the road in the heat
 And the shining fairyland hovering
 Downtown
 And a green cool presence
 Mountain
 And broken window garbage fly glass half a brick
 Home.
 And mother, hair still in pigtails,
 In one of the two or three rooms,
 Waiting.

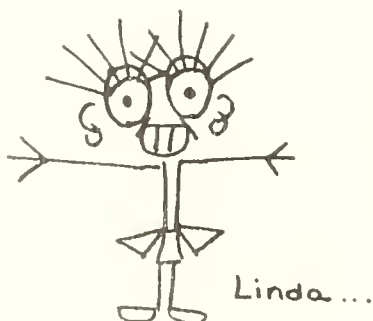
Monica Heller,
 VI Form
 Winner - Poetry Competition



How the Dodo Got Its Name

Once when Sir Mackentoshbird was very young he had a birthday. He was very big and he was five years old. His dear, dear mother had promised she would buy him a big piano book, and eight piano lessons. In the middle of his lessons Mrs. Mackentoshbird came into the room and tapped him on the shoulder. Sir Mackentoshbird was so surprised he toppled onto the floor and hit his jaw. He had been in the scale "C" Major and was on high "Do" when he was hit. The words "Do, Do, Do, Do, Do," kept on coming. And that is why the Dodo bird is called the DODO.

Alicia Hugessen,
 age 9, Upper A.



Limerick

There was an old hag of Nad
 Who lived with her naggy old dad.
 One day she got tired
 And went out to hire
 A maid for her daddy to nag.

Patty Hollinger,
 age 9, Upper A.

And One Day – Perhaps

All was still and quiet on the street in the early hours of the night. Except for a faint gleam in an abandoned warehouse, there was no light. This gleam was growing steadily; it was now a glow. It seemed to fill the warehouse until it was like the twinkling of many lights. Suddenly through the still night the screaming and wailing of sirens, in the distance, was heard. They were drawing closer to the street. Without warning the engines screeched round the corner, sirens blaring. They stopped in front of the warehouse which was now a blazing inferno. The once quiet street flooded with lights. Windows flung open and filled with gazing spectators clothed in night robes, all watching the crackling wooden building crumble. The smoke was everywhere filling the air for many neighbouring blocks. The street was alive with people, all hypnotized by the raging fire, except for one sinister person carrying a small black bag, smiling to himself.

“I don’t know why I get such a pleasure out of seeing buildings burn. I guess it’s the satisfaction of a job well done. I didn’t use just any method, you know. I was very careful not to leave any traces. Kerosine is too obvious and clumsy. Instead I carry a small black bag containing only a few essential materials such as matches, cotton wool and of course my newspaper, however only after I have read it.

I always rent a small modest room with a good view of my building. You see what’s the point of burning something down if you can’t watch it after all that’s the whole point. I make sure that I am inconspicuous, I rent the room a week in advance. It wouldn’t do to have anyone snooping around. I always check my buildings before. They can’t just be any ordinary building, they have to be crisp a damp building don’t burn very well such a shame too. I found a perfect building and I had a good view too, but it was too damp That last warehouse was a wonderful sight, wasn’t it, I had fun watching it from my room.

“I never burn buildings late at night, just so it’s dark enough out to see the real beauty of it. And it doesn’t inconvenience anyone either Nobody’s hurt in my fires, I always plan it that way. My buildings never contain anything but useless junk that’s no good to anyone. However it’s very useful for my purposes. No one ever realizes how well old things burn.

Last week I found a building that was just right. It’s very old and it’s in an empty lot, it’s so convenient. I crawled through an opening and it’s just right. The wood is beautifully dry, the kind that burns fast, that’s best, it won’t last very far into the night, that way I won’t be late for work. I almost didn’t believe my eyes, do you realize that building contained newspaper. I won’t even have to bring my own now. I was so happy with my find that I rented a room the same day. It has large windows and my view won’t be obstructed by any neighbouring buildings, because there aren’t any.

“It looks as if it might be a clear night tonight. It wouldn’t do for it to rain, things don’t burn well when it’s wet, you know.

“Don’t tell me my hour is up already? Time certainly flies when you are enjoying yourself. I do hope you can come and watch my fire tonight Doctor. I am sure you will enjoy it. Good bye, see you next week.

The psychiatrist stood in the doorway smiling after his new client. He had enjoyed listening to his client’s dream for it was quite unlike any other he had heard. He reflected what an imagination the man had. The dream was so realistic. He thought it very humorous to be invited to the man’s imaginary fire. It was quite different from the typical delusion. He carefully folded his check and as it was closing time he went home.

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Perhaps one day someone will believe him.

Christie McLeod
Upper V

Winner of the Short Story Competition



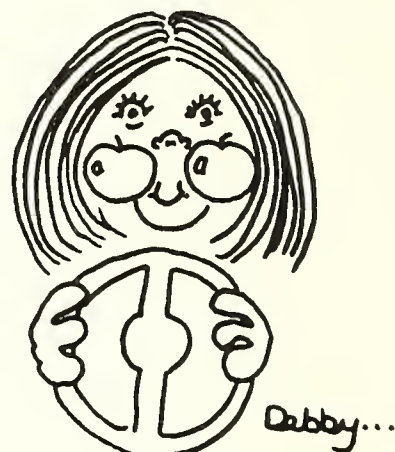
Debby Carter
Winner of the Photography Competition

L'Automne

L'Automne; après la chaleur de l'été, avant la sévérité de l'hiver, quand la nature manifeste ses vraies couleurs. Les feuilles magnifiques, le vent qui souffle légèrement, la fraîcheur de la saison — comme si un artiste avait peint à pleines couleurs un portrait de la nature.

Tout est tranquille, silencieux, comme si un magicien avait fait un tour de passe sur le monde. J'ai envie d'exprimer ma joie — d'être libre. Je fais souvent de longues promenades dans le parc, seule avec mon chien; qui joue avec les feuilles sèches; pour penser — pour arranger mes pensées privées et pour admirer la splendeur de la nature. Je ne peux pas résister, je dois sauter, courir et m'amuser parce que je sais que l'automne, comme "la jeunesse", ne dure pas longtemps, et que bienôt, l'hiver arrivera!

Sarah Tobias



Judith Elder
VI Form
Winner Poetry Competition



There is the Camel
with three big humps
No wonder when
he walks around
he bumps.

Tigger

Alicia Hugessen
Upper A



A black and white line drawing of a young girl with spiky hair, wearing a dress and boots. She is holding a giant pencil that is as tall as she is. The pencil has a large eraser at the top and a sharp lead tip at the bottom. The artist's signature 'J. J. Jones' is written in the bottom right corner.

Art '71 — With Apologies to the Old Masters . . .

This year, the art classes have been working on a varied programme and all those concerned have tried hard and succeeded in making the artroom a scene of many interesting projects, such as masks, slides, papier maché sculptures and weaving.

First, in October 1970 The Study Bazaar proved a booming success with the help of course, of the many brilliantly coloured murals, posters and totem poles, created by some of our most enthusiastic students. Working with the Indian motif promoted by Miss Tedeschi, the different talents of many have been shown and recognized throughout.

The backdrops for the drama club and also for special occasions at school, were designed to depict the specific themes of the year. This work has therefore been both interesting and instructive.

The Lower School as always has been very busy in portraying themselves behind their many masks and faces: creations presenting altogether, a very effective picture.

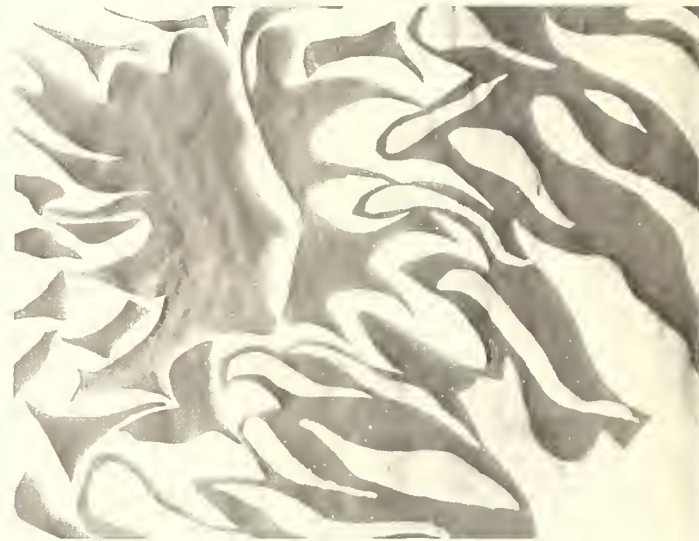
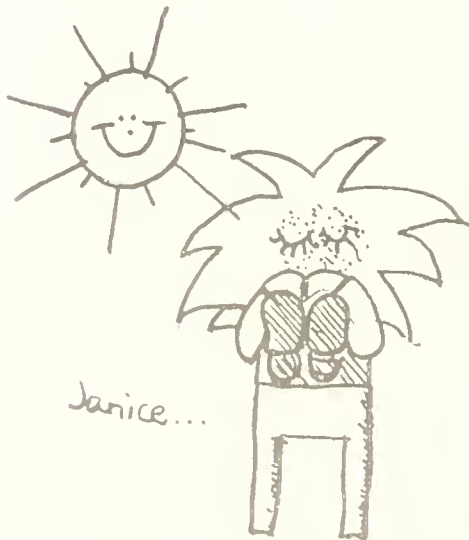
Each day, in the large bright artroom on the third floor there can be found various classes, each projecting their own artistic style, either through fingerpaint and crayons or through charcoal and clay.

Without Miss Tedeschi's efforts toward guidance and advice throughout the year, some of these activities would have been impossible.

Janice Goodfellow



Lucie Fontaine
Upper V



Elizabeth Reade
Upper V

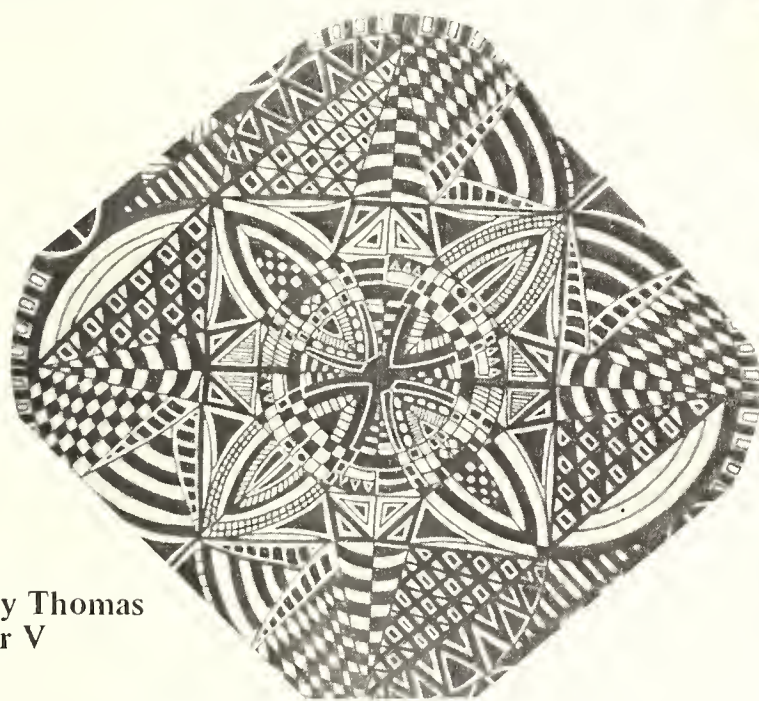




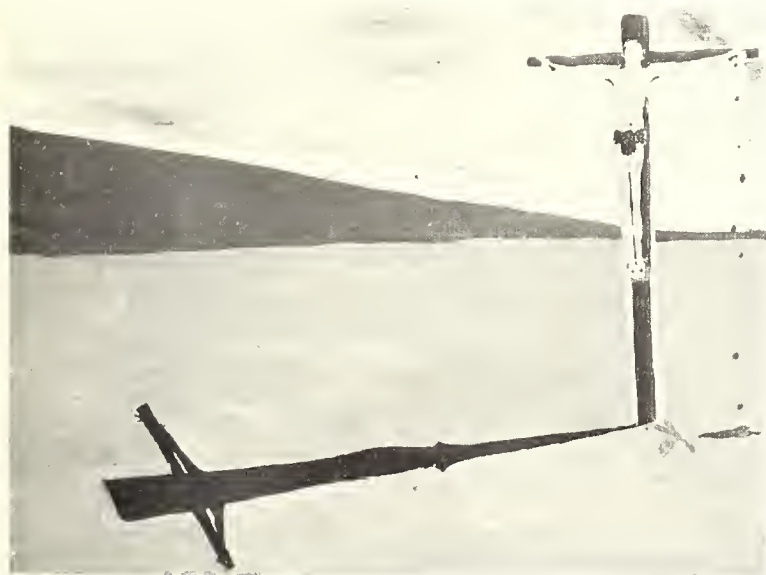
Christie McLeod
Upper V



Sandra DeJong
Upper III

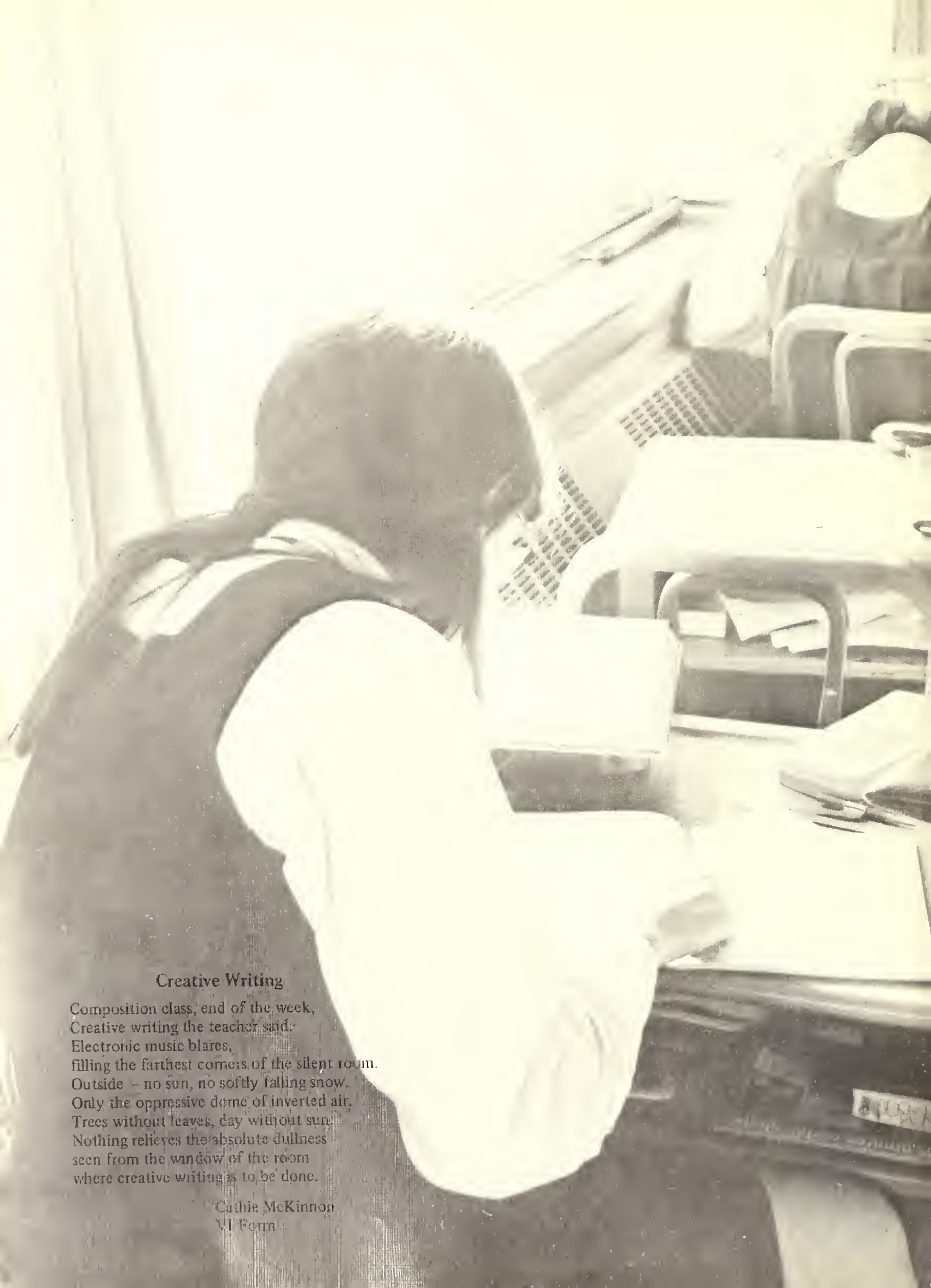


Wendy Thomas
Lower V



Judy Elder
Sixth





Creative Writing

Composition class, end of the week,
Creative writing the teacher said:
Electronic music blares,
filling the farthest corners of the silent room.
Outside - no sun, no softly falling snow,
Only the oppressive dome of inverted air.
Trees without leaves, day without sun
Nothing relieves the absolute dullness
seen from the window of the room
where creative writing is to be done.

Cathie McKinnon
VI Form

THE STUDY OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

President:	Mrs. Ian Hyde (Marigold Savage)
Vice-President:	Mrs. Ian Coughlan (Mary Newcomb)
Secretary:	Mrs. R.C.T. Harris (Gwen Marler)
Treasurer:	Mrs. T.J. McKenna (Martha Morgan)

Once again the Old Girls are delighted to be able to write a page for the magazine, thankful that they are not the Old Girls of yore, when the entire magazine was their responsibility.

This has been a year of change — to quote Mrs. Scott's Annual Report, "That change is the way of life that has now become obvious." In the midst of change, Mrs. Scott has likened the nebulous "Study Spirit" to the "reluctant Dragon", and she has asked the Old Girls for help in capturing it. At the present time we have no school activities, and the hunt for the "reluctant dragon" ends in the Stationery cupboard on the third floor where there are some Old Study Chronicles, and to date the only way of capturing any idea of the school spirit has been by browsing through these magazines. (You may not realize what a valuable little book you are presently holding)

To this end, we have prevailed upon Miss Lamont to write a history of the school, and we are appealing to all Old Girls and Students to reach into their memories and their basements for reminiscences, anecdotes, magazines, photographs, etc.

It is the hope of the present Old Girls' Committee that as the years go by a permanent collection of meaningful memorabilia will be available at the school for all the girls, and to do this we need your help.

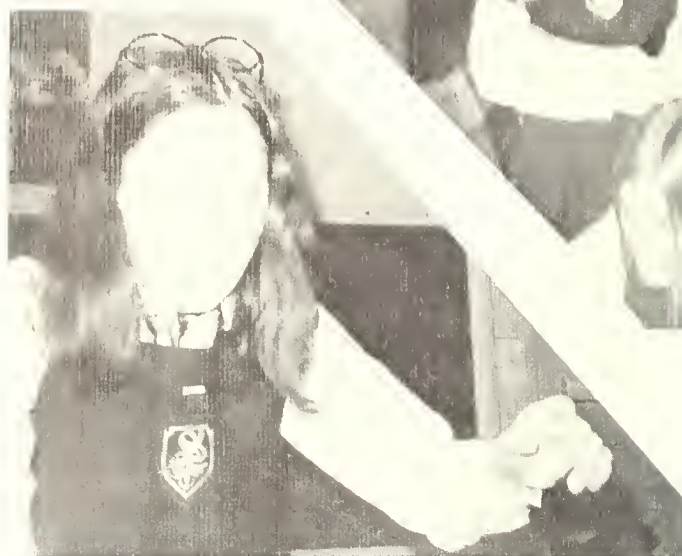
BIRTHS

To Mr. & Mrs. Michael Landsburg (Linda Coristine) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Angus Cameron (Wendy Stevenson) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. D'Arcy Coulson (Ann Powell) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Colin Brewer (Joan Francis) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Wakeham Pilot (Babrielle Moquette) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Angus MacDonald (Suzanne Braun) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Michael Kitchin (Lucinda Harper) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Derek Smith (Joan Glicthero) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Pierre Belcourt (Cynthia Baird) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. John Blachford (Janet Savage) a son; Mr. & Mrs. David O'Brien (Gail Corneil) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Darragh (Angela Cassils) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. James Woodward (Lyn Geddes) a son; Mr. & Mrs. George McLaren (Peggy Tennant) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Murray Wonham (Anne Hale) a daughter; Dr. & Mrs. Kibben William (Diana Johnson) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Lee Sackett (Sandra Meakins) a son; Mr. & Mrs. George Wall (Audrey Nixon) a son; Mr. & Mrs. James Evans (Deborah Frosst) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Robin Berlyn (Judith Dibell) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Raphael (Adrienne Cassils) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Peter Duffield (Martha Richardson) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Hampton-Davies (Gail Daley) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Marshall (Diana Stephens) a son; Mr. & Mrs. John Howich (Lilian Stein) a daughter; Mr. & Mrs. Robert Gibson (Lorna Birks) a son; Mr. & Mrs. John Hartin (Susan Baxter) a son; Mrs. & Mrs. Thomas Gellespie (Caroline Dayle) a son; Dr. & Mrs. Peter McLaine (Janet Montgomery) a son; Mr. & Mrs. Eric Riordon (Jean Finnie) a son.

MARRIAGES

Janet Bueb to Mr. Brian Townsby; Sheila Bruce to Dr. William Lewis Williams; Roberta de Vries to Mr. Hinnerk Gehring; Penny Dolman to Mr. Barry Howard Hart; Mary Bone to Mr. Pierre Andre Mareau; Andrea Newman to Mr. Richard Gordon; Sally Nelson to Mr. John Blair Hutchison; Ann Markham to Mr. Barril Drummond Birks; Mary MacFarlane to Mr. John Brooke Slidell; Joan Johnson to Mr. Gavin Leonard Gow Wyllie; Susan Brainerd to Mr. Robert Alain; Julia Keefer to Mr. Alain Jean Louis Ayache.

Remember...



Sixth



Form

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